THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº D [illegible] Benj. Franklin

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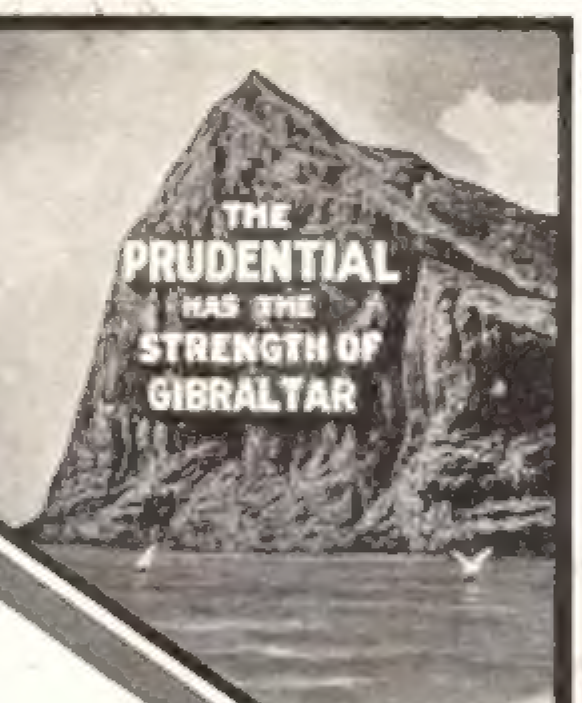
JOAQUISTITA

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF ROBERT HENRY, PROSPECTOR



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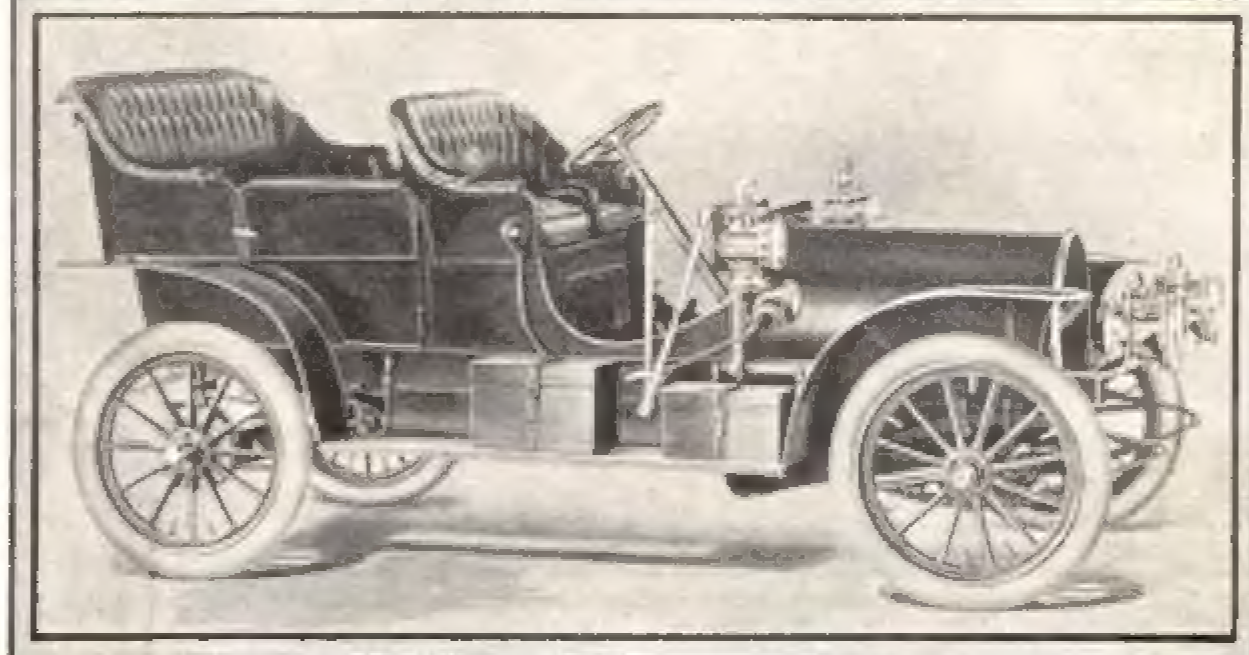

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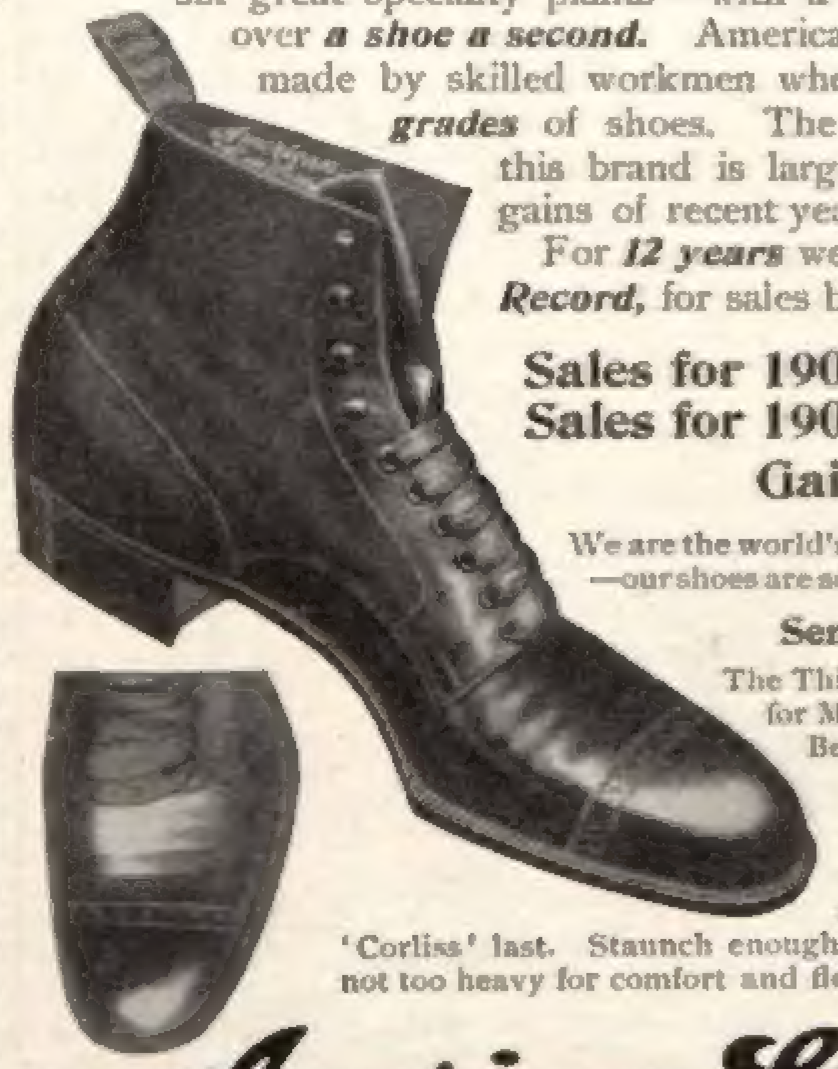

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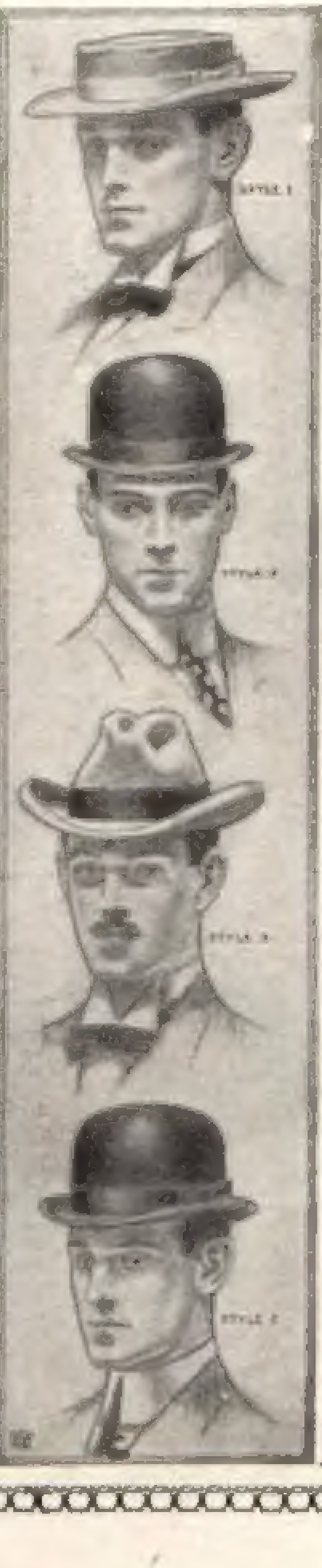

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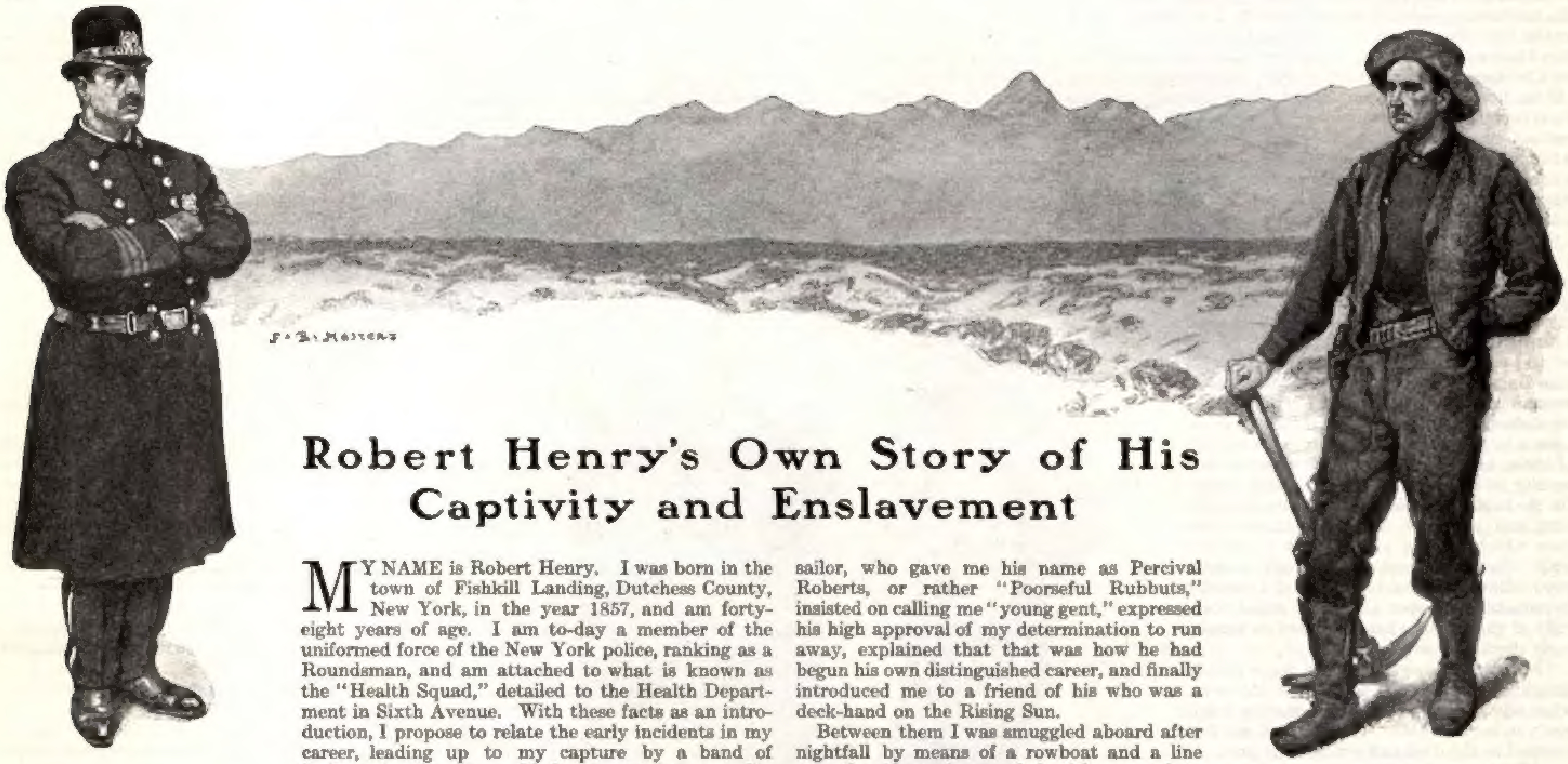
JOAQUISTITA



Robert Henry's Own Story of His Captivity and Enslavement

MY NAME is Robert Henry. I was born in the town of Fishkill Landing, Dutchess County, New York, in the year 1857, and am forty-eight years of age. I am to-day a member of the uniformed force of the New York police, ranking as a Roundsman, and am attached to what is known as the "Health Squad," detailed to the Health Department in Sixth Avenue. With these facts as an introduction, I propose to relate the early incidents in my career, leading up to my capture by a band of Indians in the Sierra Madre mountains, my discovery of their town of Joaquistita, my detention among them as a captive for sixteen months, and my eventual escape and return to the United States where I had long been accounted dead. I believe that a simple statement of my adventures, set forth exactly as they occurred without a single word of elaboration or concealment, and with careful reference in every case to places, names and dates, may prove not uninteresting and even may perhaps have some value from the point of view of history and ethnology. In any event, I desire to leave behind me some record of my experiences, before returning next year, at the expiration of my twenty years of service upon the police force, to the Sierra Madres for the purpose of finding again, if I can, the plateau and town of Joaquistita.

I

UNTIL fifteen years of age I lived with my parents in the town of Fishkill Landing, where my father, William Henry, had been for many years connected in business with the Fishkill Landing Machine Works. Here I attended the old brick school, but beyond distinguishing myself as a juvenile athlete I never showed any particular promise and soon decided that I had no use for higher education. My parents, however, were resolved that I should have all the education which they could afford to give me whether I wanted it or not, and the end of the matter was that, becoming heartily tired of study and of life in Fishkill, I slipped on board the little steamer that plied between that town and New York City, and, with less than a dollar in my pocket and with only what clothes I wore, took French leave of my family and old surroundings.

I remember the day very well, for it was Memorial Day, May 30, 1872, and the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were marching through the streets, but, instead of making me feel homesick, the music and activity only thrilled me the more with a desire to go forth on my adventures. I had heard a great deal about California, and the very name had a magic sound to my country ear. How to get there, or exactly where it was, I had no idea, but my imagination had been fired at home by reading stories of the sea, and it seemed proper to begin my new life by getting as soon as possible on board a ship.

Accordingly, I bought some rolls of bread and, eating as I walked, struggled against the crowd—which was moving uptown—down toward the Battery. Here I found large numbers of tough-looking sailors, standing singly and in groups, and all very jovial and noisy. Though I was but fifteen, I was tall and strong for my age, yet the thought of confiding my purpose to any of these strange, half-drunken men did not please me. I finally mustered sufficient courage, however, to address one of them and inquired if he could tell me how I could get to California. It is not my intention to take the time to go into all the details of my running away, else I should tell how the sailor piloted me to a grogshop kept by a man called "Peg-leg" Robinson, and having drunk all the rum which the contents of my pocket would buy, agreed to help me to get aboard the old Rising Sun steamship of the Pacific Mail Line then lying at Pier 42 and bound for Colon. The sailor, who gave me his name as Percival Roberts, or rather "Poorseful Rubbuts," insisted on calling me "young gent," expressed his high approval of my determination to run away, explained that that was how he had begun his own distinguished career, and finally introduced me to a friend of his who was a deck-hand on the Rising Sun.

Between them I was smuggled aboard after nightfall by means of a rowboat and a line over the side, and concealed, with my pockets stuffed with biscuits, and a small can of water, in the coal bunkers. The agony which I endured during the next two days it is beyond my power to describe, and, in spite of the fact that I had no idea of what punishment might be in store for me if discovered, it was a positive Godsend when one of the firemen found me crouching among the coal and hauled me before the captain. Somewhat to my surprise, the captain merely directed that I should be put to work in the bakeshop. The order, although accompanied by a good deal worse blasphemy than I had ever heard in Fishkill, and in this respect fully up to the standard of the sea stories I had read, nevertheless seemed mild indeed compared with the tortures I had imagined in store for me.

I soon discovered that the captain might as well have ordered me to the "brig," if the steamer had one, since the bakeshop, which was in charge of a gigantic Swede, named James Johnson, was a veritable place of torment. What with my seasickness on reaching the Gulf Stream and the abuses imposed upon me by this tyrant, I was in pretty bad shape when we got to the Isthmus. In addition to this, I had not a single cent of money, and the clothes I had on, which consisted of my "store" Sunday suit, were entirely unadapted for the hot weather into which we had come so speedily.

With a parting kick from Johnson, I went ashore with the rest of the passengers entirely ignorant of how I should get to Panama, the next step on my journey. It began to look as if I should have to work my passage home again under the dictator of the bakeshop when I was accosted by two rather plain women whom I had previously noticed on board among the passengers. I think they must have observed some of Johnson's brutalities upon me, since they very kindly asked me all about myself and my condition, and ended by volunteering to stow me away upon the train and conceal me with their voluminous skirts until the conductor should have taken up the tickets. This feat was successfully accomplished, and had it not been for these two good, if plain, souls I doubt if I should ever have reached California.

In this way I got to Panama upon the very day of my arrival at Colon and, having decided that the life of a stowaway was not for me, went boldly aboard the Sacramento (also of the Pacific Mail Line), admitted having been a stowaway on the Rising Sun, and asked to be allowed to work my passage. My request was immediately granted; I was again placed in the bakeshop, and I arrived in San Francisco some three weeks later, after a pleasant and healthful voyage, and with a considerably higher opinion of human nature.

I first secured a job in a foundry on Main Street, but two weeks later abandoned my newly-found position for that of tow-minder on a barge behind a steamer making regular trips of two or three hundred miles up the San Joaquin River. My sole duty consisted in seeing to the tow-line when the steamer made round a bend, and the rapid changes that have occurred in the West even in recent times are well illustrated by the fact that I, a mere child of fifteen, received as wages the sum of eighty dollars a month and my board. It was with a great deal of pride that I wrote to my father and mother of my success, and for the first time I began to feel that perhaps my departure from home had not been such a mistake as the period I had spent in the Rising Sun's bakeshop led me to suppose.

I kept this lucrative and exceedingly pleasant position during the summer and autumn of 1872, and at the conclusion of river navigation returned to San Francisco richer than I had ever been before in my entire life. If I remember correctly, I had over two hundred dollars when I arrived at the Lick House, which in less than one week was reduced to ten without any perceptible betterment in my condition.

By this time I was a victim of a first-class case of the gold fever and, nothing daunted by the ease with which I had disposed of my money, set off to recoup my losses (a simple matter as I then supposed) amid the mining camps of Nevada. In due course I arrived in Virginia City as penniless as when I had landed in Colon, and vastly more hungry. I had no comrade, and what friends I had acquired during the temporary period of my affluence had remained behind at the Lick House. Even in the coal bunkers of the Rising Sun I had never felt such pangs in my poor stomach as I did on Christmas Day, wandering down the straggling street of that little mining town with the big mountains rearing their sharp peaks all around me. Everybody seemed happy and cheerful except myself. At home in Fishkill I knew that my father, mother and the rest of the family were just sitting down at the big deal table in the kitchen to a good-sized Christmas goose.

With these painful thoughts in my mind I suddenly became aware of a current of warm air which enveloped me with such a spicy, cloying sweetness that the tickling in my nostrils actually caused me to sneeze. I turned around and found myself in front of the open door of what seemed to be a boarding-house, wherein a stout, rosy-faced woman was busily engaged in fetching smoking dishes from a huge oven and placing them upon a large table at which were gathered one of those motley collections of vigorous humanity to be found only in a Western camp. On the table were pies and buns and doughnuts and popovers, and an immense Irish stew which filled a platter fully three feet long. Such a vision for a homesick, hungry boy! How can you blame me if I timidly approached the open door and gazed wistfully at the glorious heaps of food so temptingly displayed within?

The woman banged down a huge pile of doughnuts and turned to go back for more, when she caught sight of me staring helplessly in her direction. In an instant she had stepped to the door and grasped my arm.

"Bliss the soul av' him!" she exclaimed, a look of motherly concern spreading over her ample countenance. "Shure an' from the look av him the b'y's hungry! Come in an' fill yer belly, ye poor starvin' crayter!"

And with that she led me unresisting into the kitchen and planted me down between two burly miners.

Did I eat? Ask some fifteen-year-old rascal that has been hunting rabbits all day and has come home to a Thanksgiving dinner! I ate until dear old Julie Ann O'Neil—for it was to her that I had come—threw her checkered apron over her head and burst into a flood of weeping that any of God's creatures should be so hungry on the day of the blessed Saviour's birth. Dear old Julie Ann! She is living still in Dublin, and every Christmas I write the best letter that I can and carry it to the post-office with a heart full of thankfulness and good wishes for the honest woman who befriended me.

"Bliss the b'y's heart! He can stay an' eat until he finds a job, an' divil a cint shall he pay!"

That was Julie's introduction of her new boarder to the group around the table. How I repaid her later for her warm-hearted generosity you shall hear. The two men between whom she had placed me were Edward Murphy, of Providence, Rhode Island (in whose company I was afterward to traverse most of the mining districts of the world), and the other John Flood, of San Francisco, who owned many valuable properties in Virginia City in partnership with John W. Mackay, Fair and O'Brien.

Many years afterward I experienced an almost similar olfactory sensation. It was after I had made my stake with Murphy in the Cowan range in Queensland, Australia, and was blowing it in on a year's trip through Europe that I found myself one afternoon on Regent Street in London town with a queer, pungent, delicious, spicy, familiar odor all about me. For a moment it brought back that Christmas Day in Virginia City, and then I slapped Murphy on the back and exclaimed:

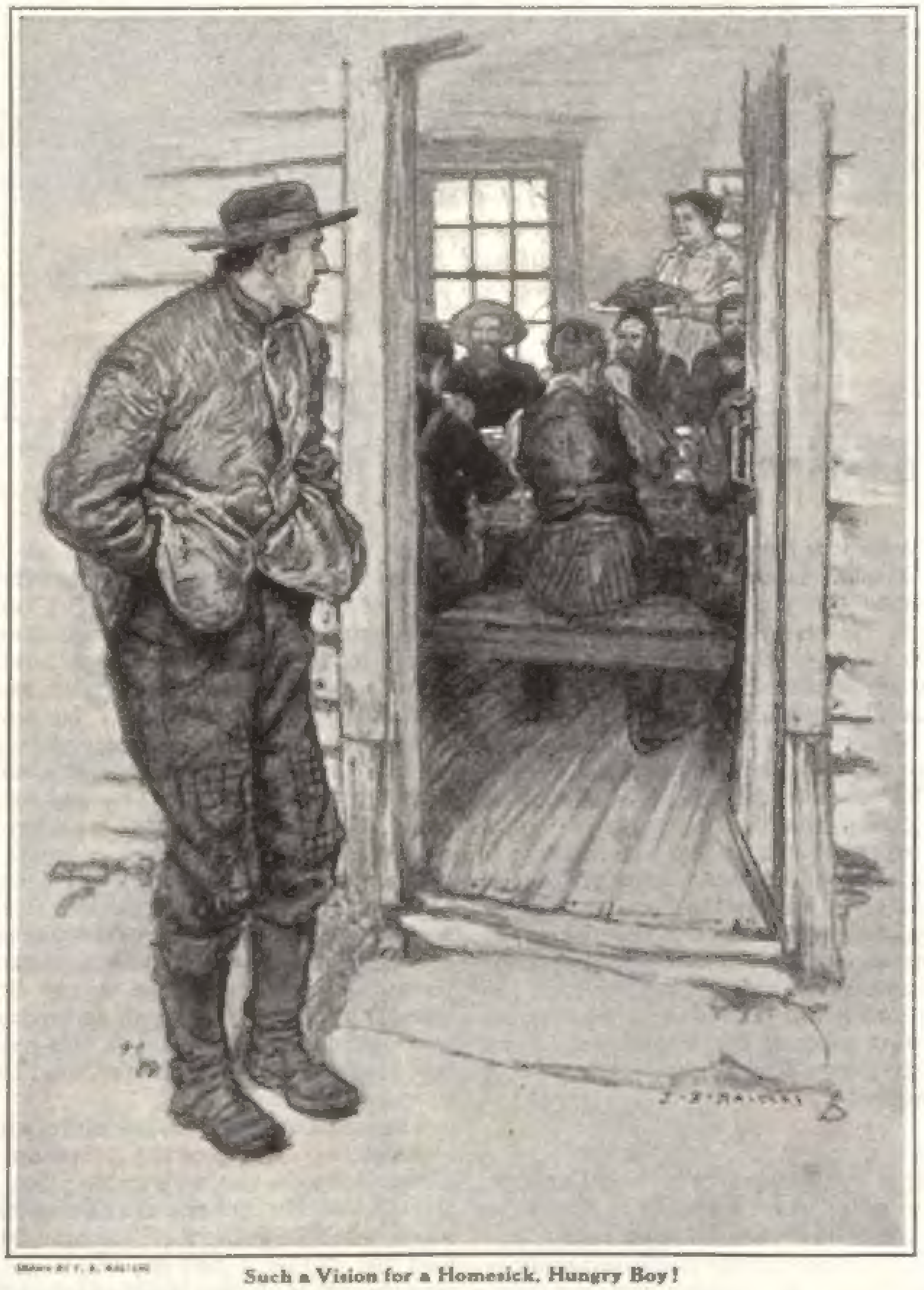
"Ed! That smells just like a bottle of Crosse & Blackwell's pickles!"

Murphy turned abruptly and pointed with a laugh to the sign above our heads—we were standing directly in front of Crosse & Blackwell's! It was a caution to see how those dapper little clerks stared when we two wild Indians rushed in and began to buy pickles! The Britishers are a funny lot!

Labor was scarce in those days in Nevada and I had no difficulty in finding a job as an ordinary miner in what was known as the Mexican Mine, owned by Mackay, Flood, Fair and O'Brien. Needless to say, I boarded with my adopted mother, Julie Ann O'Neil, and you may be sure that, from that time on, I never knew what it was to be hungry until I once more gave way to my irresistible thirst for wandering.

The men about me were rough, but extremely capable and intelligent, Irish, Welsh and Cornish miners, and from them I thoroughly learned the rudiments of mining, just as later I acquired what I knew of metallurgy from Clarence King. Not once did I wish myself back in the old brick schoolhouse at Fishkill Landing, although now and again I longed to see the faces of my parents and old associates.

Here I remained four years, which seemed short enough, hardly ever leaving the mines and carefully saving most of my money for the stake with which we all hoped sooner or later to start out prospecting and make fortunes for ourselves. But first I had to learn my trade, and I hope I shall not be called egotistical if I say that at the end of that time I was classed as an expert miner and was working the diamond drill in the Crown Point Mine for John W. Mackay.



Such a Vision for a Homesick, Hungry Boy!

I have agreed to keep back nothing, and for that reason must recount an episode which, though it casts no credit on the participants (least of all myself), was at least due to a mixture of motives. I had always wanted to show, in some substantial manner, my appreciation for what Mrs. O'Neil had done for me, and it was due quite as much to this as to any desire to benefit myself that I yielded to temptation.

I was first stationed in the Crown Point Mine at the one thousand eight hundred foot level, where, before I was ever permitted to operate the drill, I was compelled to take off my street clothes and put on working togs in a separate room. At the conclusion of the day's work I had to take off my working clothes, which were then carefully searched, take a bath and re-don my ordinary dress. This was a necessary precaution to prevent rival owners from learning the value of the property from dishonest miners. The samples which were taken out of the level were carefully guarded and sent by Mackay personally to the assay office. Of course, the results were known only to those interested in the financial end of the proposition and determined the real value of the mining stock. I decided that it would be a very good thing if I could find out what was going on.

On the seventeen hundred foot level was working a young Irishman named William Brennan, who came from a farm in Illinois. Like many other farms in that region, not only in those days but in this, it was heavily mortgaged, and Brennan's one ambition in life was to get enough money to pay this off and return to work his land free and clear. He had thought so much about this that, during the four years I knew him, he had, from a jovial, good-natured fellow, changed to a taciturn and morose one.

One day I hinted to him that I had thought of a plan which, if successful, would more than enable him to pay off his mortgage and ought, in fact, put him in a position to buy half a township. The scheme was simplicity itself. All he had to do was to come down a ladder from the seventeen hundred foot level, where he was working, and take samples of ore from my level which I would push out under the bulkhead point to him. After some hesitation he agreed to enter into the project, and the next day we found ourselves in possession of a complete set of samples of the ore which I was drilling for Mr. Mackay, and, after having it assayed, knew as much about the value of the mine as the owner did himself.

Once we had discovered the immense value of the property, which was rich beyond our wildest imaginings, we held a meeting in Mrs. O'Neil's kitchen, at which were present Julie Ann herself, Bill Brennan, "Yank" Benson, my cabin-partner, and myself. I can recall the scene as if it had occurred only yesterday when I got up from my chair as calmly as I could, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and with a formality adequate to the importance of the occasion addressed our hostess.

"Mrs. O'Neil," I began, in the tones I had heard employed by the orators who frequented the Fishkill Lyceum, "it gives me great pleasure to be here to-night. You have been very kind to me and to my friends. You have always said that it was your desire to return to Ireland, there to spend the remainder of your days. It is my happiness to show you how you may do so. Buy every share of Crown Point mining stock you can lay your hands on—even if you have to steal the money."

"Bliss the b'y, what does he mane?" exclaimed Julie Ann.

And then without any further frills I poured out excitedly the story of how we had discovered the fabulous value of the mine.

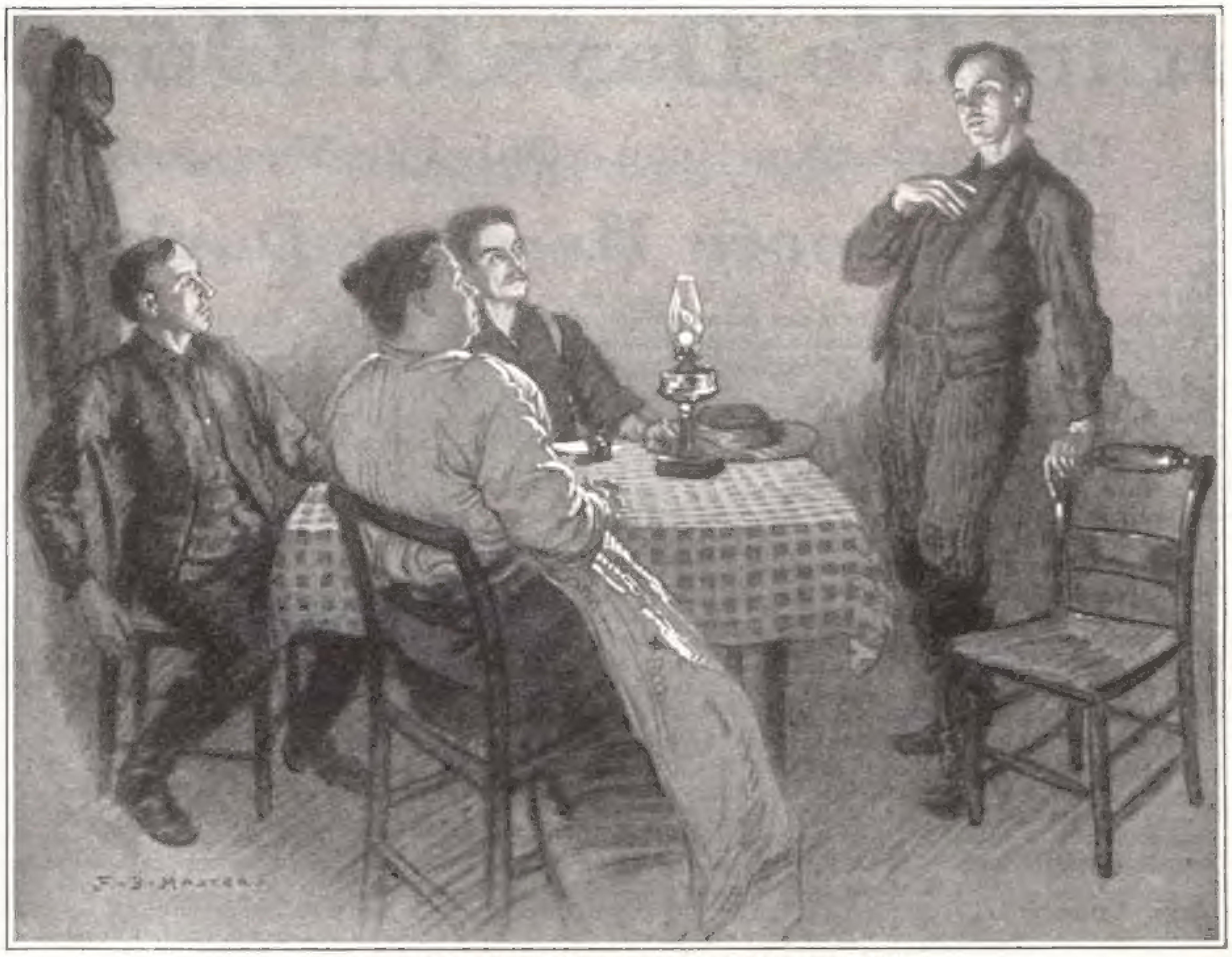
After a solemn pledge of secrecy we separated, and within a month Mrs. O'Neil left Virginia City forever, the possessor of thirty thousand dollars, the result of the information which I had been able to disclose to her. Benson and myself cleared about ten thousand dollars apiece, and Brennan returned to Illinois and paid off the mortgage on his farm, where he is still living happily with his wife and a large family of sons and daughters, some of whom have children of their own.

I was now the possessor of a handsome stake and eager to start prospecting on my own account, and, as was the custom in those days, formed a partnership for the purpose with Benson, Murphy and a man named Edward Carroll, who was a native of Richmond, Virginia. These three men from now on became my inseparable companions, and we were bound together by such ties of friendship, cemented by danger and hardship, that each stood ready to give his life for the others, at any moment, if occasion required it. This is no idle statement, as will be seen.

We pooled our money, purchased the best outfits that could be bought, and set out on those wanderings which ended only in my capture and enslavement at Joaquistita. A word or two as to these men who were my friends:

"Yank" Benson, as his name implies, was a quiet, shrewd, hard-headed, but warm-hearted, New Englander, in whom burned that insatiable love of adventure which is so often found where it is to be least expected. He rarely spoke, and when he did so usually veiled his seriousness of thought in a jesting manner. He was a great fellow to lie on his back with a blade of grass between his teeth and stare up into the sky. He never drank or smoked, but when angry could exert an almost superhuman strength.

Murphy, on the other hand, was a Providence Irishman, with some knowledge of boats and sailing and the most picturesque collection of profanity I have ever heard. He had all the virtues and most of the failings of his Celtic blood, and he made up in loquacity for Benson's



"Mrs. O'Neil, it Gives Me Great Pleasure to be Here To-Night"

taciturnity. They were good foils to each other, and Murphy was always playing practical jokes on "Yank," which somehow always used to rebound upon himself with redoubled force without the slightest disturbance to his equanimity, for he was the most good-natured soul I have ever known. He, too, was strong as a bull, but his taste for liquor and tobacco (the latter he indulged to excess) had rendered his powers of endurance less extraordinary.

Carroll was a college man, a graduate, I believe, of Harvard University. He was a finely-built, handsome fellow, with dark, curly hair and very black eyes—a Southerner from his toes to his finger-tips. He spoke in a low drawl that to the rest of us was out of the ordinary and rather pleasing. The only thing that ever roughed us at all was his insistence on the superiority of the Southern leaders in the Civil War over the Union generals. It appeared that his father had been a distinguished officer in the Confederate Army and had met his death at Gettysburg. At all events, whenever we staked out a claim Carroll would invariably insist that it should be called after one of his father's old comrades in arms. He made such a point of it that after a while it became a regular custom. Thus we had the Robert E. Lee Mine, and the General Forrest, and when all the names were used up we would begin all over again, and christen them "second," "third," and so on. There must have been a dozen Robert E. Lees, some in Nevada, some in Sonora, and one or two in far-off Queensland. Carroll was the "literary feller" of the party, and often, as we sat around the camp-fire in the darkness, he would repeat verses from Tennyson, Keats, Shelley and Browning. I remember he used to say that in poetry the Britishers had us whipped to a standstill. "Yank" remarked that when he had made his pile he would go back to Brattleboro and turn off a few miles of verse just to show them how. Carroll's favorite piece of poetry was about the moon or a cloud or something of the sort, with a line in it about that "orbed maiden with white fire laden that mortals call the moon." It had quite a swing. Even Murphy allowed that it was good, and that it made him think of a June night on Narragansett Bay after a clambake. I remember Carroll almost came to blows one night with Benson because after he had repeated the lines several times ending with "that mortals call the moon," "Yank" yawned and added in the same mournful tones:

"The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon!"

"Sir," says Carroll, springing to his feet, "those lines are sacred. You can never understand them." Then he dropped his clenched fist and wandered off among the trees. There was something about him none of us ever quite understood. I learned afterward that the name of his sweetheart was "Cynthia."

We were a gay party enough the morning we set out from Fort Yuma on that series of adventures that was to extend over years—but into the daily life of four ordinary Western silver miners I do not intend to go. Let it be enough to say that we located our first silver claim up in the Mule Mountains, where there were strong indications of quicksilver, which, it turned out, was not in sufficient quantities to be mined with profit. The mine had been christened, in accordance with the rule which afterward became invariable, the Stonewall Jackson Mine, and Murphy soon declared that it was well-named—that nothing but stone walls could be got out of it. This proposition was so self-evident that we held a council of war for the purpose of deciding what to do next. It was "Yank" Benson who finally suggested trying to sell it. This was before the days of frenzied finance, but I suppose the game was played under about the same rule.

"I reckon," says "Yank," "that this here mine is too durn difficult for poor men like us to work. There is, however," says he, "a large amount of valuable mineral deposits, suitable for the erection of boundary walls or for the pavin' of streets, in addition to which there is some silver and considerable sign of quicksilver. There might be more of the latter if it was properly injected." Then he closed his right eye solemnly and picked up a long blade of grass for a chew.

"They tell me," says Murphy, "that quicksilver is very valyable for the makin' av thermometers. If we can sell the owld hole any quicker ——"

"I fear," interrupts Carroll, "that in that case the mercury would be unable to register the degree of heat which would be generated."

"What's the matter with Senator Hearst?" I suggested. The meaning was obvious. At this time the great craze throughout the Western States, and particularly in California, was quicksilver, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the father of the present proprietor of the New York American was keenly interested in the subject. We talked the matter over, and the next morning I left my companions at the mine, took the trail down to Fort Yuma and boarded the train for San Francisco, where by good fortune I found the Senator in the city and laid my proposition before him in as alluring a manner as I was able.

I had known Hearst before, in Virginia City, and secured his attention without difficulty. I laid it on as thick as I dared, and the Senator packed a valise and took the train back with me to Fort Yuma. Thence we rode to Tucson and took the trail back to the mine. In those days everybody knew everybody else and we all called one another by our first names. We found the boys waiting for us, and after a brief chat, for he was a man of business, the Senator turned to me and said:

"Bob, I know you are a good fellow and perfectly honest, but I wouldn't trust my own mother if she was trying to sell me a mine, so I propose to go down and put the shot into her myself."

"All right, Senator," says I. "Go ahead. I guess you will find something there to please you."

So the Senator scrambled down the shaft with his gun and fired into the mine, and after the smoke had cleared away filled a gunny-sack (one of his own, you may be sure, which he had brought from San Francisco) with the remains. Then he climbed out and was so keen to get back to Fort Yuma that we must start immediately. The mules had been tethered at the foot of the mountain, and down the trail we started at a lively rate, the Senator with the precious sack slung over his shoulders, for he was too wise to allow any one else to carry it.

While in San Francisco I had purchased a small syringe which I had filled with raw quicksilver, and now, as we made our way with difficulty down the steep places, I managed, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, to squirt a little of the contents into the sack—not too much, but enough to "make the indications unmistakable."

Once at the foot of the mountain we straddled our mules and made for Tucson as fast as we could. Here the Senator had an assay made of the contents of the gunny-sack, with the result that he came to me that evening with an offer of $10,000 for the property. I knew that if the assay showed any quicksilver at all it must indicate that the Stonewall Jackson was one of the richest mines in all creation; so I positively refused to take a cent less than $20,000. The Senator was not a man to waste time if he wanted anything, and inside of five minutes I had his check for the amount in question on Lloyd Tevis' California Bank in San Francisco. Next morning I dispatched an Indian runner to the mine with instructions for them to come as fast as possible to the Lick House, and then rode to Fort Yuma where I caught the Southern Pacific for San Francisco. As soon as I reached the city I cashed the check, and was waiting for my friends in the foyer of the Lick House with five one-thousand-dollar bills in a rubber strap for each. I admit I am thoroughly ashamed of this transaction, but I have agreed to tell my whole story and shall do so. "That all things work together for good," however, is shown by the fact that, although the Senator never found any quicksilver in the mine, in course of time it became a paying proposition to work for silver.

Time mellows us all, and I am sorry to say often obliterates for him the sharp angles of a man's earlier bad conduct. Years after, when I had become a uniformed member of the New York police and was on post one evening in front of the Hoffman House, I heard a hearty voice behind me, that I recognized as Mackay's, exclaim:

"If I didn't know that Bob Henry had been killed by Indians and eaten by buzzards in Sonora I should say that that was his back."

Without turning around I replied:

"The buzzards haven't got Bob Henry yet!"

Then I faced him and held out my hand.

"Bob!" he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"Earning my living!" I answered.

"On the police force?" he asked.

"There's my shield," says I. "And if you don't like it I can run you in."

"Say," he laughed, grasping my hand, "I've got Hearst and J. B. Haggin in there and I want you to come in and tell 'em how you sold the Senator the Stonewall Jackson Mine out in the Mule Mountains."

I could not resist.

I admit this one infraction of the rules of the department, and, uniform, helmet, night-stick and all, marched into the Hoffman House with Mackay. Devery himself couldn't have kept me out, and we sat around one of those little marble-topped tables and I told the Senator the story of the syringe and the sack. We all had a hearty laugh out of it, and Hearst assured me that later he had taken over $100,000 out of the mine in silver. Then, being in the mood for confession, I told Mackay that I had sniped his samples from the Crown Point Mine. He seemed to enjoy it as much as the rest of us.

They were all big-hearted, generous, kindly men, and often as I am on duty in the Health Department I get to thinking of those old days and old friends in the West, and New York seems very small and narrow and crowded, and the people petty and selfish, and the lines of a fellow called Field—Eugene, I think his name was—come into my mind, drowned almost by the roar of the elevated trains and the rattle of the wagons:

"Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain,
When the skies was fair and blue,
When the money flowed like liquor,
And the folks was brave and true!"

And next year I am going back.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of four articles by Mr. Henry describing his adventures in the gold-fields of America and Australia, and his captivity among a strange tribe of Indians in Mexico. Each article is complete in itself.

Religion in the Days of Our Fathers

The Simpler American of Only Fifty Years Ago

By Rebecca Harding Davis

DID it ever occur to you that, when we Americans talk of the growth of the nation in the last fifty years, we always measure it by things? We gauge it by telephones, automobiles, anæsthetics, the number of voters, the cheapness of education—all the tangible good things, in short, which we have and our grandfathers had not.

Uncle Sam has undoubtedly pushed his way with his material successes to a foremost place in the Congress of Nations. Every day, when we read our morning paper, we fondly note how he is holding his own with the peoples of the earth in trade, in diplomacy, and in art.

But it never occurs to us to measure the individual American himself. What is he to-day? How does he compare with his grandfather, the old farmer, in the flannel shirt and hobnailed shoes, who used to hoe corn in the patch yonder? His grandson has built a stately Colonial mansion on the site of the old farmhouse. He has terraced the cow-pasture and turned the potato fields into softly-sloping emerald golf-links. His library, built on the foundation of the kitchen in which the old people lived, is rich in first editions; he has two or three really great pictures on his walls; he entertains scholars, politicians, presidents and princes at his table.

But in the grain, as a man, how does he compare with the old farmer? Is he a finer gentleman at heart? What is there to say of the relations of the two men to their servants, to their women-folk, to their God?

We don't often look into these things. Let us try to do it now for a few minutes.

The modern man is here for you to judge. I will tell you what I remember of that older American of fifty years ago. I do not mean the New Englander—I was not born in his bailiwick—but of the American of the Middle and Upper Southern States, the descendant of the old Scotch-Irish immigrant, as vigorous and fine a human stock as any ever planted in this earth.

The dominant fact about a man, at that time, was his religion. Whether he was a truer Christian at heart than you are is not for us to decide. But certainly his religion or his lack of it was the important fact then about every man—as it is not to-day. For instance, it never occurs to you now to ask whether your milkman or doctor is converted. But then you would have known, and if they were not believers you would have wrestled often for them in prayer to God.

Religion then possessed every man's thoughts, partly because there was not much else to possess them. Consider. The struggle for a living was not then breathless and cruel as now. Living was simple and cheap.

Tidings from other nations came but seldom and hence we felt but a feeble interest in their concerns. Never having heard of gigantic fortunes later than the days of Midas, we never thought of making them. Then, too, each individual worked his way alone upon his narrow path. There were no guilds or leagues or unions to absorb his thoughts. Hence his brain was busied with his own little life, and the two agents at work in it—God and the devil. You felt them near you at every turn. You heard of them every moment of the day. In all respectable households the day began and ended with prayers; and grace was said with more or less reverence at every meal. Naturally, in these observances there was every variety of expression, from the most exalted worship down to cant.

I remember, for instance, the daily evening prayers in the house of Bishop Alexander Campbell, founder of the denomination known as Disciples. All sorts of folk found their way to the house of this famous religious leader. Once a day they gathered about him while he read a few verses from the Bible, which were discussed by every one present, even the little children and servants giving their opinions. No service could be more true or solemn.

On the other hand, I remember a certain house in which, three times a day for many years, the father, when the family were gathered around the table, would summon them in a singsong whine through his nose to "come down from the hills of your iniquities and the mountains of your transgressions to taste the blessings" (the pork and pies) "which flow in upon us here in covenants of love." The piety underlying these two services was probably as pure in one case as in the other. But the familiar chatter to God and about God was apt to degenerate with vulgarly-minded folk into meaningless blasphemy. There is no doubt, however, that the universal neglect now, in this country, of the old custom of family worship is a distinct national loss. After all, we are all only ignorant travelers in an unknown country, and it is wise to meet once a day to consult together, and make sure that we are on the road to our far-off home.

The God, of whom our forefathers talked so familiarly, was no awful or unknown Creator. They had no doubt about Him. Blacksmiths and ditchers talked as familiarly of Him, His acts and intentions, as if they had been in His cabinet of advisers when the world was made. They gave Him the human qualities which were most admirable in their own eyes—chief of all, an unreasoning will and inexorable, merciless justice. This grim Diety was a real fact to these people. Religion in their souls was not so much a glad, absolute trust in a loving Father, or a brotherly kindness for their neighbors, as a perpetual terror and fearful expectation of judgment. Their favorite passages of Scripture were David's curses upon his enemies, or Paul's legal arguments. St. John's Gospel of Love was not popular.

"I fear," said one godly minister whom I knew, "that the beloved disciple was a lee-tle lax in his theology."

Strange, horrible ideas grew up out of this ignorance and fear, and made their lives miserable. One of these was the Unpardonable Sin, an undefined, nameless crime which God never pardoned, even when the sinner had borne eternities of hell. In almost every village there were slow-witted men or starved, anæmic girls who believed that they had been guilty of this mysterious crime.

A few illogical folk, too, in some of the sects conceived the idea that God, in order to punish the disobedience of one man, thousands of years ago, had gone on ever since creating daily myriads of human beings in order to roast them in hell. He had, however, they said, arbitrarily chosen out of these hosts a few men and women to bless eternally. No act of yours, no pure or heroic life, could save you from perdition if you were born into the accursed majority.

I remember that once, when I was a pert girl of fifteen, a pious minister, a guest in our home, reasoned with me until midnight to convince me that if I were one of the hordes born to be sent to hell I should submit and thank God. He was so grieved at my refusal to do this that he did not go to bed at all that night, but prayed aloud until morning with cries and tears—not that I should be saved; his prayers, he believed, could not touch that—but that I should be willing to be damned.

But, although many of these good folk declared their belief in this scheme of wholesale damnation, each one probably was secretly convinced that he, personally, was safe among the chosen few. The old story of the good woman who declared that "only me and John are sure of salvation," adding sadly, "an' I have my doubts of John," was no exaggeration.

Believing themselves thus secure, our grandfathers dealt out the wrath of God to their neighbors generously. I remember but one or two sermons heard in my youth in which were not preached the terrors of hell, or of a huge worm which was supposed to feed upon the souls of unbelievers. The discourse always ended in a congratulatory greeting to "My Christian brethren," and so terrible a warning to the unconverted hearer that, if you were a timid child, you felt the fires and the worm already at work upon your body as you cowered in the pew. This kind of preaching was not confined to any sect, though the Episcopalians, as a rule, dealt more gently with the soul than other denominations. There were then, however, but few members of this church scattered among the Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists who settled the Middle States. They were regarded askance with suspicious looks. The women were apt to wear ribbons, and were addicted to tea-parties. They quietly drew their children, as they were, early into the fold of the church, believing "change of heart" to be a slow growth.

The devil, too, was then an actual and extremely active entity among us. The generation before mine believed that he possessed the bodies of certain persons, driving them to incessant crime. We have records of several occasions in Philadelphia when numbers of zealous Methodists or Quakers undertook to exorcise him from his victims. The man possessed was strapped down on a bench, and organized bands of pious folk took turns in praying aloud over him. The invocations went on night and day until the devil was vanquished. Sometimes, we are told, he went out the mouth of his victim as a snake or a crow, or a whiff of black, nauseous smoke, leaving the poor wretch weak, but innocent as a babe.

The most noted case was that of a certain sea-captain who lived in Colonial days. The demon in him had made him a terror in almost every port in the world by his crimes and blasphemy. His mother, as his ship came up the Delaware, prayed that he might be released from the grip

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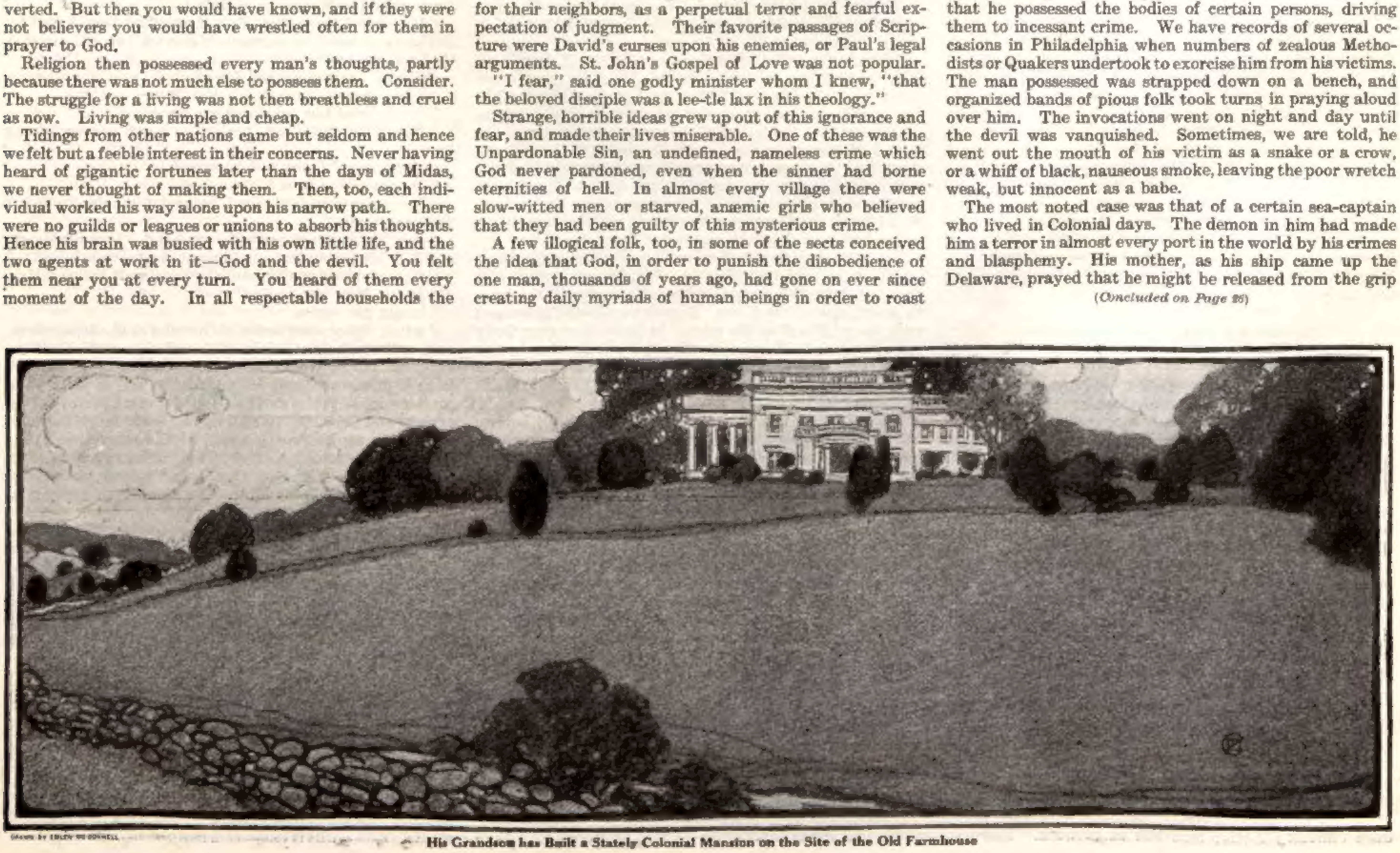

His Grandson has Built a Stately Colonial Mansion on the Site of the Old Farmhouse

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP

Nature, Not Drugs, as a Cure for Insomnia

By Dr. John V. Shoemaker

President of the Faculty of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia

THIS might be called the Age of Sleeplessness. Undeniably insomnia, one of the most distressing afflictions that assail humanity, is far more common to-day than ever before in the history of the world. People think harder and study more than ever before; they pursue both pleasure and business with more intense eagerness; their nerves are overstrained, and their brains driven as by whips; and last, but not least, the race has developed an appetite for drugs, which grows by what it feeds on, and which, while acquired largely in the seeking of sleep, has, when indulged beyond a certain point, the effect of banishing healthful slumber forever from the pillow. Most of the ills that make mankind miserable are afflictions of the ignorant and, chiefly, of the poor. Sleeplessness, however, is the curse of the intellectual man, and a haunter of the bedsides of the rich and the otherwise fortunate.

But it has come at last to be realized that the drug-cure for insomnia is worse than a failure, and people are beginning to look to Nature for a remedy—not, I may happily add, in vain. Of this new idea it is that I would speak: of Nature as a sleep-bringer, and of how her means may be used instead of chloral, opium, alcohol and other poisons, which all over this broad land have filled asylums and sanitariums with their victims.

Why do we hear so much about Lakewood, New Jersey, as a resort for rich people? Because (for one reason at least) it is a place of sleep. It is in a region of pines, the emanations of which are sedative and somniferous. Thus it is that millionaire folks have built among the trees palaces which are designed as homes for the sleepless. Worn out by social dissipation, or by the nervous strain inseparable from the business of rapid money-getting, they go to Lakewood to seek among its piney woods that soft repose which elsewhere is denied them.

Certain volatile oils and ethers contained in pine-needles are accountable for the perfume which is so agreeable to our nostrils. Their sedative effect, when one breathes air charged with such emanations, is marked and unmistakable—so that in hospitals nowadays pillows of pine-needles are commonly used to put patients to sleep. It is on the same principle that, in the hop-growing regions of this country, pillows are filled with hops, often mixed with salt or with bran. They contain an alkaloid, called "lupeline," which is strongly soporific.

On one occasion, not very long ago, I was called upon to prescribe for what was supposed to be a hopeless case of insomnia. It was that of a man in public life. He expected me to try some new drug upon him, but I said to him:

"Senator, it is within my knowledge that you own a piece of rural real estate on which there are thick pine woods. I want you to go there, with an axe and a sawhorse, and spend as much of your time as possible cutting down pine trees and sawing them for firewood."

He followed these instructions literally, and within less than a fortnight he was entirely cured. He told me that he slept "like a dead man."

Brain-workers are particularly liable to sleeplessness. Their occupation brings overstrain of the nervous system, and, when they go to bed, they toss upon restless pillows. This drives them to a physician, who suggests a little whiskey before retiring—the result being, in many instances, that the victims become slaves to alcohol.

The best thing in such a case is to keep away from whiskey and other drugs and take an ocean voyage. If that be impracticable, the next best expedient to adopt is a visit to the seashore. Sea air is a wonderful nerve-tonic, its sedative and soothing effect being so marked that invalids, wheeled along the beach boardwalks, often fall asleep.

It is probably ozone that does the good work. In crowded cities there is little or no ozone, which may be called a concentrated form of oxygen, but at the seashore there is much of it in the atmosphere, and still more in mid-ocean, far away from the land. Not a very great deal is known about this colorless gas (though it has been reduced in the laboratory to a liquid), but of its healthfulness and quieting influence upon the nerves there is no question.

Exercise of all kinds is admirable as a cure for sleeplessness. People nowadays do not take enough exercise. Mechanical locomotion has made walking to a great extent unnecessary, and machinery has done away with most physical labor. Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, kept twelve women busy grinding grain day and night to supply with food a household of not more than thirty people. To-day, with the help of modern contrivances, the same amount of work will produce flour for five thousand persons.

Incidentally to active exercise, the system imbibes oxygen, the circulation of the blood is stimulated, and moderate fatigue supervenes—all of which conduce to sleepiness. But of all forms of exercise the best for this purpose is horseback-riding. Pursued for two or three hours daily, it promotes all the functions of the body and quiets the nerves. For sleeplessness there is no better remedy, and for weak children and weak women it is particularly to be recommended.

Distractions of the mind are excellent remedies for insomnia. It is often a good idea to send a nervous patient to the play, the opera or the minstrels. His attention is called away from himself and his troubles; he comes home and goes peacefully to sleep. Nor is the effect of music to be despised. It has a tendency to sooth irritable brain-cells, and in many instances I have known it to produce most happy results.

One need hardly say that this question of sleep is one of the highest possible importance. We give one-third of our lifetime, precious as it is to us, to sleep. Without a fair allowance of sleep we cannot be well, and if deprived of it altogether we should soon die. A case is on record where a person got no sleep for nine days, dying at the end of that period. In China, long ago, deprivation of sleep was used as a form of torture, and even of capital punishment. I have known people who were actually afraid to go to bed for fear of the dread spectre of insomnia which was sure to haunt them through long hours of the night. How to banish the unwelcome visitor is the question.

I have suggested one or two expedients, but there are others. For example, if you are a victim, try the effect of a bowl of hot—not merely warm, but hot—clam-broth, or oyster-broth, or chicken-broth. It will draw the blood from the brain, quiet the nervous system and bring sleep.

What is it that happens when one goes to sleep? A complete answer cannot be given to this question, but it is known that the blood flows out of the brain, that the eyeballs are turned upward, that the pupils of the eyes become contracted, that the pulse slackens, and that the breathing becomes slower, the amount of air taken into the lungs being only about one-seventh of what it is when one is awake. Apparently, the immediate cause of waking is a flow of blood to the brain.

Obviously, then, when a person is troubled with sleeplessness, any expedient by which the blood may be drawn away from the brain is likely to be good. For, ordinarily, whatever may be the cause of the mischief, too much blood in the brain is directly accountable for the wakefulness. A hot foot-bath will often accomplish the purpose in question; or a warm glass of milk, or a cup of hot water, may so act upon the nutrition and circulation as to relieve the brain of congestion. This, indeed, will often put a restless child to sleep, or a grown person for that matter.

The use of water outside and inside of the body is neglected. There is a great deal in the old-fashioned water-cure, though charlatans once brought it into disrepute. The next time you suffer from insomnia take a hot bath, and swallow a bowl of water as hot as you can drink it. The two together will make your skin act, stimulate your circulation, lull and quiet your nerves, and draw the blood from your brain. Hardly will you lie down before you will find yourself falling asleep.

The Spanish women rub the backs of their children to put them to sleep. It is a good idea. Often, in cases of insomnia, a vigorous rubbing of the spine, the abdomen and the head will cause the patient to fall into slumber. I have myself noticed, while undergoing the attentions of a barber, that the friction of his hands on my head and the back of my neck had a tendency to make me feel drowsy.

When the baby cries and whines in the night, instead of giving it medicine (upsetting its digestion) rub its back, or put it into a warm bath. The bath will take all the congestion from its brain and spinal cord, and the little one will go to sleep the moment it comes out. How much better are such simple expedients than a resort to drugs! And what is good for a child is good for a grown person. A hot-water bottle at the feet may prove serviceable in some instances; but remember always to lie with the head high, and to admit plenty of fresh air to the bedroom.

Mental work after dinner should be avoided. It causes a flow of blood to the brain, interferes with digestion, and has a consequent tendency to bring sleeplessness. Strong emotions—anxiety, joy, sorrow, or what-not—have a like effect. Actors and stockbrokers, whose lives contain too much excitement, are particularly liable to insomnia. To the busy financier—that type of the modern human engine run at high pressure—the getting of a proper allowance of sleep is the most serious of problems. His nerve-centres are exhausted, and, when the time comes for quiet, he cannot command repose.

These unfortunates apply for help to the doctor, and he gives them prescriptions for one sleep-producing drug or another. The poison, whatever it may be, helps them for a while, but it has a tendency to lose its effect, and so the dose must be constantly increased. Once the habit is gained, sleep becomes impossible without the aid of the drug, and the last state of the victim is vastly worse than the first. Drugs, indeed, are the curse of this day and generation. People are fed with them from babyhood up, whereas, if common-sense governed, as little medicine as possible would be taken, the main reliance being placed in Nature.

Both alcohol and tobacco overstimulate the nerve-centres and render them irritable, thus tending to cause sleeplessness. Imprudences in diet have a like effect.

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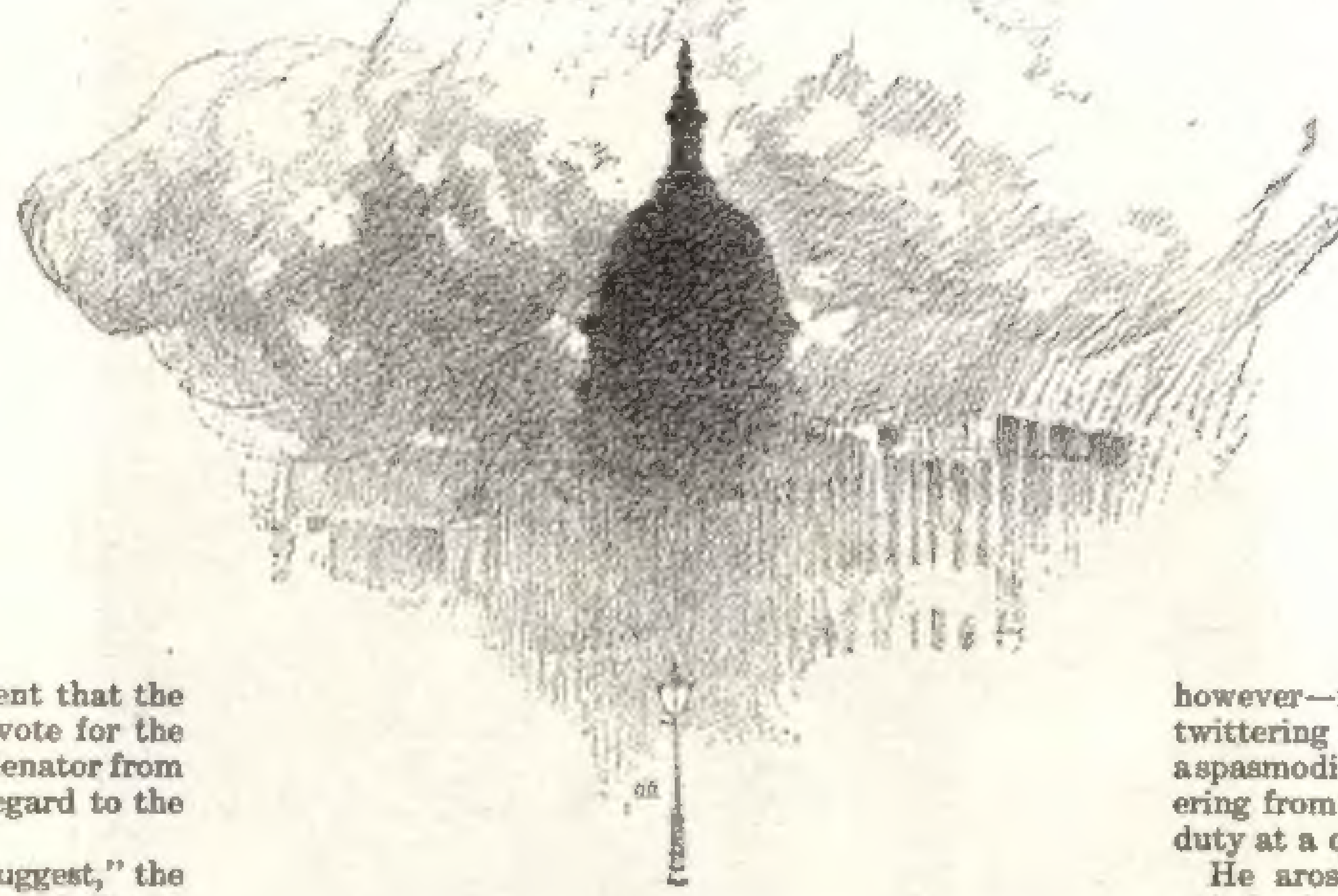
THE STUBBORN MEMBER

A Freshman in the School of Politics

BY WILL PAYNE



TWO men sat in the inner room of the Committee on Public Works, on the ground floor of the Senate wing, regarding each other in a manner that betrayed considerable latent heat. Senator Merchant, fronting the ample mahogany desk, was lank of person, with a gray chin-whisker and ecclesiastically clean upper lip. He had, in physical fact, the long head which friends and enemies alike credited him with. Congressman Varney, in the early thirties and his first term, was smooth-shaven and stocky, with heavy eyebrows, stiff and stubborn dark hair and a well-developed jaw.

The situation was a somewhat delicate one. Though the next Presidential election was two and a half years off, it was an open secret that the senior Senator from Illiana had fixed a sagacious and desiring eye upon it. Senator Billings, of Michconsin, was looking in the same direction, not to mention a score or so of others. Each aspirant was exceedingly willing to inherit the prestige of the current Administration. It had occurred to Senator Merchant that it would be a neat thing if he were able to assure the President that the entire Illiana delegation in the House would vote for the Administration ship subsidy bill—before the Senator from Michconsin could give a like assurance with regard to the representatives of his sovereign State.

"Possibly I am a sucker at politics, as you suggest," the young man was saying warmly, "but I have a conviction or two about a ship subsidy. The people in my district are against it, too. At the district convention a plank in favor of subsidies was proposed. I opposed it, and we knocked it out. What kind of monkey would I look like if I stood up in the House and voted for a subsidy bill? Why, Senator, doggone it," he continued with great earnestness, "I'm sure clear down to my boots that it's a bad bill. Why should I vote for it?"

"The President thinks it necessary," replied the Senator.

Varney sighed. "Well, the President and I differ—that's all," he said. "If he's bound to pass the bill, let him come over and vote for it. I've had President rammed down my throat until I can taste him in my oatmeal." He spoke dejectedly; but at once fired up again. "And why does he think it necessary? What did Dickson and Wilcox tell me? Why, that this bill was a sop to the big financial interests that the Administration has been knocking right and left on other things to please the public—proposes to give Wall Street some candy to stop its yammer! Probably that's good politics—but a poor, simple-minded business man like me can't tell it from three-card monte. The long and short of it is, Senator, I voted for the Cuban sugar bill although I didn't really believe in it, but I'm blessed if I'll vote for this one."

"I suppose you want the Long Bay harbor improved?" the Senator suggested morosely.

"Oh, I know what you mean," replied the Congressman, "and it makes me seasick. Of course, I want the harbor improved. The city is entitled to it. But if I don't vote for this bill the Administration will get back at me by cutting my town out of the river and harbor appropriation—no matter how much it's entitled to it. All my private and local bills will be slaughtered without regard to their merit. Now, I want to ask you, Senator, honestly, just man to man," he added pleadingly, "if that's any sort of a way to run a country!"

"If all of us here at Washington stood out for our individual views like so many long-eared army mules, how far would we get?" replied the Senator impersonally. "You know I'm interested in seeing the bill pass the House by the full party vote—especially from my State."

"I know," said Varney with some embarrassment, "and I don't want to put any kind of spoke in your wheel, either. But my convictions are against the bill. My constituents are against it. How can I vote for it?"

The Senator was vexed. "If you should serve several terms here, which is not likely, and get the atmosphere of government, you wouldn't talk so much about your convictions and your constituents. There are bigger things."

"Your Presidential boom, do you mean?" inquired the Congressman, whose poor temper was injured.

The Senator turned partly away and ruffled his chin-whisker. "You forget that I gave you a lift."

"A lift?" Varney repeated, at a loss.

"You spoke to me about Burton."

"Why, I merely said I hoped he wouldn't be disturbed," the Congressman answered in surprise.

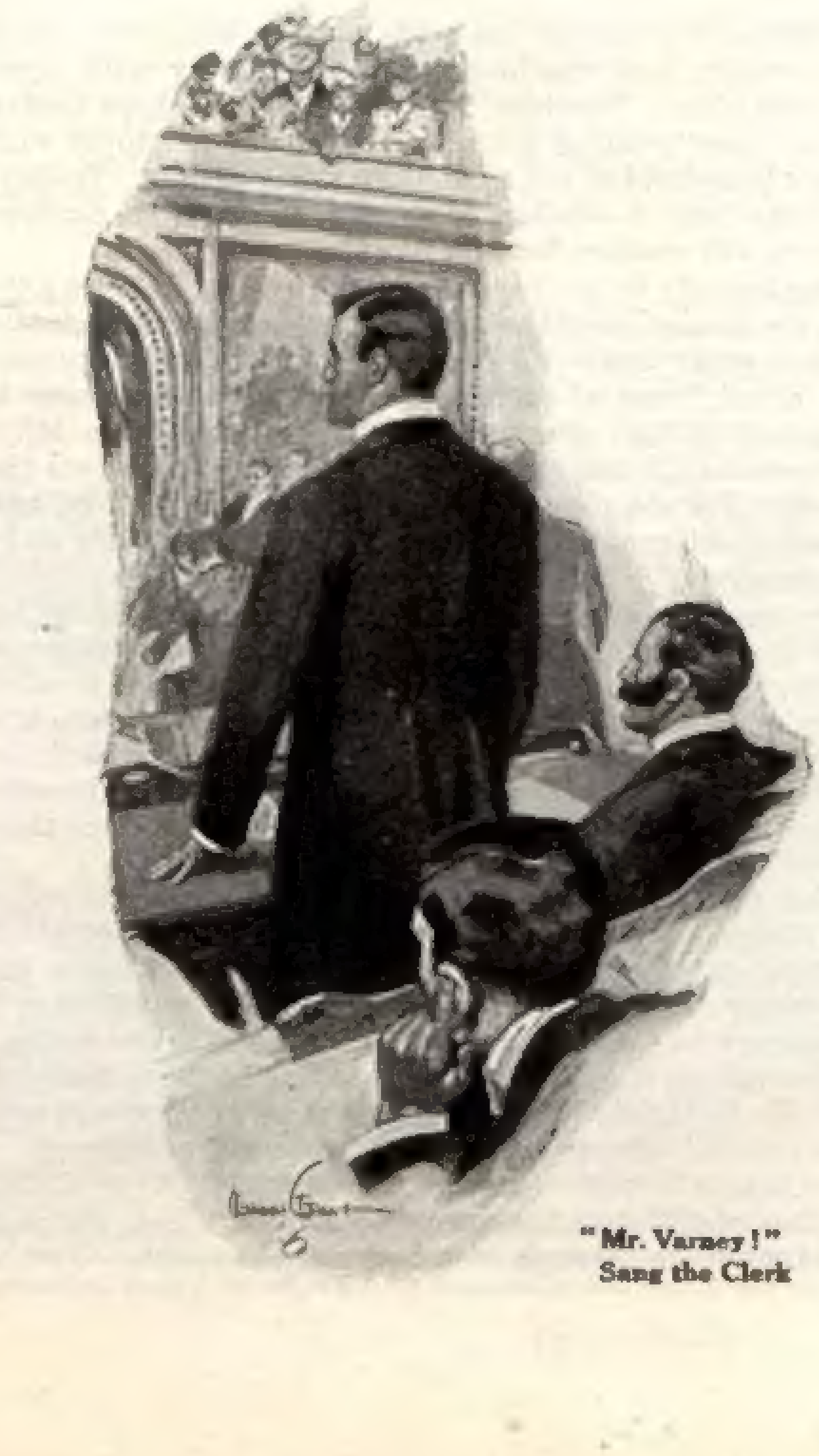
"Well, he hasn't been disturbed," said the Senator, "but he's likely to be."

Varney's face changed to a uniform dusky red. His thick eyebrows moved together. His gray eyes snapped. "Do you mean to say that if I vote against this bill you will turn the old man out?" he demanded.

"Major Burton," the Senator replied coolly, "has passed the age of efficiency. He keeps his place by sufferance—my sufferance, I may add. I want your vote for the subsidy bill."

Varney arose slowly. "That's all," he said. "I wouldn't vote for the bill now, anyway. Fire the old man if you want to, and be—blessed!"

The Senator turned to his desk and rang for the next caller. Varney went out, encountering the suave smile of the private secretary who was holding open the door and singing, "Step right in, Judge; the Senator will see you," like one ushering the elect to realms of bliss. It was very agreeable outside, being late in March. The warm rays of the descending sun struck against the west front of the Capitol. Birds were singing in the grounds. The breeze bore the balm of spring, and the flag at the base of the dome rippled bravely in it. Varney glanced along the immense sun-bathed pile, and recalled the Senator's words. "This is the Government of the United States!" he thought misanthropically; "I could make a better one out of mud." The city in its pride lay at his feet—to the great white shaft of the monument that pointed into the cloudless sky. He surveyed it with an unfriendly eye, and looked beyond to the green Virginia slopes, peopled with patriots who, being dead, were not thinking of jobs.



"Mr. Varney!" Sang the Clerk

His hat was still in his hand, and he ran his muscular fingers through his stiff hair. "Well," he sighed, "I suppose I've got to go now and tell her that I've corked the Major."

II

MAJOR BURTON, Commissioner of Stamps, awoke abruptly, and looked about in sheer terror. The spacious, pleasant room was quite still and empty, however—filled with soporific spring sunshine and the twittering of birds on the mall outside. The Major gave a spasmodic gasp of relief; but his nerves were still quivering from the shock of having found himself asleep on duty at a quarter past two.

He arose—a short, dumpy, old figure—and shuffled noiselessly across to the swinging screen in the doorway which led from his office into the ante-room. The top of the screen was even with his eyebrows. Standing on tiptoe, he peered over. The aged colored citizen on guard at the desk was drawing fine lines over a sheet of official paper with a pencil and ruler. Major Burton's understanding eye took in the drowsily bowed back and drooping head—bald over the crown and fringed with white wool. The pencil faltered, slackened, paused; the nodding head sank lower—then came up with a jerk. Sam shook himself; took a fresh sheet and began drawing lines across it in a great burst of energy.

It was all right—for the time being. Sam was awake. But even as the Major turned away his doughty heart sank. Some day, he thought, he and Sam would be asleep at the same time and somebody would drop in to report it. Then, so far as concerned the office of Commissioner of Stamps, the deluge would happen. He had held the office nine years. Before that he had been postmaster, or collector of the Port of Long Bay, or inspector of coast defenses through five Republican Administrations. Grant had first appointed him. He had tasted the joys of private life twice—when the Democrats were in power—and only recently had succeeded in paying off the indebtedness contracted during the last taste. His son was dead—departing from life as inopportunely and unluckily as he had remained in it. There were the son's wife and three children and an aged, ailing maiden sister—altogether four females and a boy—dependent upon the five thousand a year that went with the office of Commissioner of Stamps.

And his world was passing. The values he had lived by were no longer current. Only the other day he had shown a pretty girl—one of Anne's friends—a worn little memorandum book, curiously perforated, and said reverently, "I picked it up at Shiloh." "Shiloh?" she had repeated: and added with the dearest smile: "I'm awfully dull on Palestine; we didn't get farther than Greece." He told an old boy about it ruefully, and the old boy replied: "Well, she did better than the man in the White House. He never got farther than Cuba." The old boy had just lost his place.

The Commissioner of Stamps toddled over to the lavatory, bathed his face in cold water and carefully brushed his sparse hair, which, like his mutton-chop whiskers, was of a singular greenish tinge. The dye he used to make them look iron gray did not work very successfully. He then took to pacing resolutely up and down the room. The chances were against any interruption at that hour. Without any express understanding, but guided by some sympathetic property within itself, the sluggish stream of department affairs had taken to other channels than the one which ran through his office. The assistant commissioner and the chief clerk handled it mostly. The fine sunshine flooded in. The birds sang. The comfortable easy chair invited; but the Major trudged on.

At a quarter of three he seated himself at the desk, fixed the eyeglasses on his bulbous nose and began turning the leaves of the bureau's last annual report with a judicial air.

The door to the right opened noiselessly. The chief clerk peered cautiously in; then advanced briskly, smiling, and laid a sheaf of papers on the desk.

"A small grist to-day, Towney," said the Major, as though that dissatisfied him, and dipped his pen in the ink. As his pen approached the paper he sought to steady his tremulous hand, but without success. "Well, shake, blast you!" he apostrophized it mentally, and affixed a jagged signature. At three o'clock, carefully brushed by Sam, he left the office and entered the waiting carriage—furnished by the Government; one of the many incidentals that made it so agreeable to be Commissioner of Stamps. He observed the gently nodding leafage of the mall; the monument with its changeless figure pointing to the splendid sky—and snuggled cozily into a corner of the seat, drew the curtains and fell asleep.

III

THEIR bench in the parked circle, near the bronze horse and his general, commanded the entrance to the Major's flat down the street, and Anne kept looking that way.

"Have you noticed, then—do you think he is failing—a little?" she asked eagerly, yet very softly, bending toward her companion slightly, her blue eyes deeply serious.

In his embarrassment Varney ran his fingers through his hair. "Why, I thought he was looking quite robust," he replied with an overdone heartiness. This was not at all the way he had meant to talk to her. It had never occurred to him that she saw the Major with different eyes—not as an outworn old grandsire.

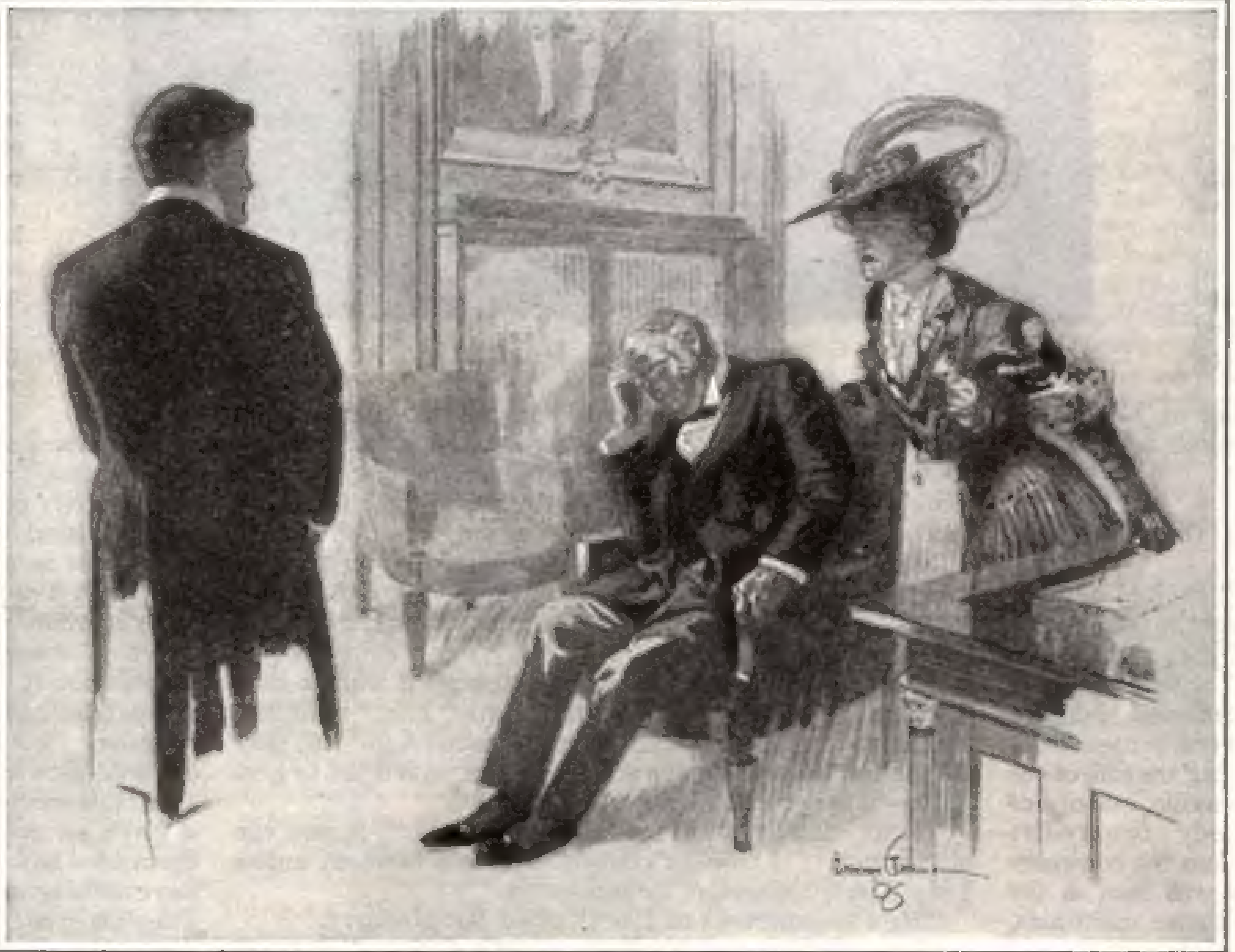
She drew the gloves nervously through her slim hands, looking away. "He keeps up his physical exercise," she murmured; and Varney gasped. When she turned to him again he saw that her lip trembled, and he swelled with compassion. "It isn't like him to use hair dye! He's bought a wig, but he hasn't worn it yet."

Coming from her—in a white dress, her hair done low on her tender neck—these little details seemed to the young man to take him into the heart of her confidence and trouble, as the vine enwraps the oak.

"Well, the Major's getting on in years, you know," he replied, with a bungling attempt to meet her confidence.

"I wished to send for mother," she said; "but it would be difficult for her to leave—with Lucy and Fred in school."

"Why, I wouldn't worry, Anne," he bungled on. "Of course, it could be arranged for your mother to come. But I wouldn't worry. Why, the Major looks tip-top to me! He still goes out. I saw him at Mrs. Spencer's the other evening."



"Do You Mean He Would Lose His Place?" She Demanded

Her color heightened. "I think he goes out too much."

"I wouldn't worry," he repeated with helpless earnestness—for that she was deeply troubled was very evident. "Of course your mother could come on."

"Not very well," she replied and looked away, and faced him again. "Lately he's been introducing me as his daughter; so, if mother appeared, where would she come in?" She laughed mirthlessly, and took the desperate plunge. "I know where he spends his evenings out. He never wishes to take me there. It—if grandfather should marry I'd want to die."

"Marry!" he stammered. "Marry! Mrs. Spencer! Why, Anne, bless your soul! Bless your soul, Anne! Now, don't you worry! Don't you worry for a moment! Why ——"

He wished to say: "Don't you see, the old boy is trying to appear young in order to hold his job! He goes to Mrs. Spencer's evenings to drowse in security!" But this was so far from her point of view that all he could actually say was: "Bless your soul, don't you worry! You take my word for it!"

On his way to his hotel he repeated to himself: "Well, bless her soul!" And in his room, smiling ecstatically at the wall, he said aloud, "Now ain't that the woman of it, all over!"

He perceived, however, that the problem before him was different from what he had thought. "The old boy is fooling them, too," he mused; "making them think he's husky and gingery and able to hold down half a dozen jobs—wants the bread they eat sweet to 'em. Good old Major!"

Only a little while more, he knew, and the Major's race would be run. How good if he could finish it as he wished! Varney walked about the room, his hands in his pockets. No doubt, one obscure young Congressman's vote for a bill that his party backed was a small enough matter. He could go over to Merchant and give the Major a life tenure of his job. "But they are such blamed bulldozers!" he complained.

Politically he was rather *persona non grata* to the Major. When he sold out his interest in the beet sugar plant at Long Bay, being foot-loose, the reformers who were trying to break the machine had asked him to stand for Congress. To his own surprise and embarrassment he had been elected. The defeat of the machine did not especially strengthen the Major's hold upon his position. Nevertheless, they were friendly enough personally—even before the young Congressman rediscovered Anne, whom he had known as a schoolgirl.

"Of course I'm too old," he told himself: "thirty-two, and she only twenty-three. She looks upon me as a venerable friend of the family—about in the Major's class. Otherwise she wouldn't have told me that about the wig and Mrs. Spencer—bless her soul!"

He didn't see how he could vote for the bill, or against it. If he was going to vote against it, common decency required that he should warn the Major—and stop breaking bread with him. On his way up to the Capitol the next morning he was told that Applegate, who was leading the fight against the bill, had deserted to the Administration—bought off with the chairmanship of a great committee which put him in line of succession to the Speakership itself. "That ought to be about all," he commented, setting his jaw. That afternoon when he entered the anteroom of the Commissioner of Stamps he felt that plain assassination was agreeable and gentlemanly in comparison with his mission. But when Sam, really wide awake, pushed open the screen, his heart stopped beating. Anne sat at the desk, in her prettiest hat, bending toward him, brimming with laughter. "Certainly," he thought buoyantly, on the rebound, "I'll have to put it off now!" The dumpy Major stood by the window, looking at Anne and the caller with an indulgent smile.

"Didn't know you'd been succeeded, Major," Varney began fatuously—and stopped short. It was too near the painful truth.

"Maybe there isn't much use for the old guard any more when the army is breaking up," replied the Major gravely. "In the paper this morning I noticed your name among those who propose to vote against their party on the subsidy bill." So it was out, plump.

Varney worried his bristly topknot. "Yes, I expect to vote against the bill," he said simply. "I believe it's a bad bill."

"A good many of us thought Sherman's march to the sea a bad project," said the Major; "but we went along. In those days great things were done because men were inspired by loyalty. When the colors were raised they rallied to them. Otherwise there would be no United States to-day."

"Of course, in case of war"—the young man began; and halted ineffectively.

"It wasn't all done on the battlefield by a longways," said the Major. "We see now that Lincoln did as much as Grant. It is still the party of Lincoln and Grant; the party that freed the slave and preserved the nation. Loyalty is the same now that it was then—and will be forever." Without raising his voice the Major had struck up a spark of an old oratorical fervor. Varney was aware that the girl was looking at the veteran with shining eyes and parted lips—and that this was what she had been raised on.

"Why, Major, it's this way," he began earnestly: "I believe the subsidy bill is bad and ought not to pass. My people are not interested in nursing any more infant industries. We think some of 'em that we've raised up to jumbo size can afford to hand their own pap bottles on to little brother, if they want to see him grow, and not call on the Government. It's a matter of conviction. And because we don't believe as the President tells us to, the Administration newspapers call us traitors, blockheads and other pet names. The party leaders tell us they'll turn our friends out of office and kill our local bills. It always struck me that a man who could be bought or bulldozed out of his honest conviction wasn't worth much. Now, sixty-eight of us Western Republicans have pledged ourselves to stand together and beat the bill, because we don't believe in it. We're probably the only members of the House who have any convictions as to the merits of the bill. The other Republicans will vote for it because it's an Administration measure. The Democrats will vote against it for the same reason. I'm told to-day that Applegate, who thinks about the bill as I do, has sold out for a big committee chairmanship. There's Taylor from the second district. He hates the bill, but he wants a Federal judgeship for his brother-in-law. Battle is on the fence because he's hoping to get a post-office for his town. All Senator Merchant himself cares about it is to win favor with the President. And so on. Seems to me, just for the sake of novelty, it would be worth while for a few lone members to vote according to their convictions. It might lead to something."

He was speaking, if not eloquently, at least facilely; but he broke off abruptly and added in confusion: "Of course, Major, I'd hate awfully to do anything that would—embarrass you."

The Major took a step forward, stricken. "Has—has Merchant mentioned me?" He spoke low, his dim eyes fixed on the young man's face.

Varney looked at the floor. "He said—your appointment was credited to my district."

The Major advanced slowly and helped himself into a seat, uncertainly. He looked bowed and spent. "I'm an old man, Mr. Varney—with several dependent upon me," he managed to say.

Anne arose from the desk, tall and slim, and looked incredulously from the aged figure to the Congressman. The color came in her face and her eyes sparkled.

"Do you mean he would lose his place?" she demanded. The tone was as though she said: "Do you mean to strike him?"

"I don't know's I'll vote against the bill," he muttered, regarding her in abject misery. "I don't believe in it. It's a bad bill. I hate to be bulldozed out of my convictions."

She lifted her chin a little more and said coldly: "I think Major Burton has nothing to fear. His services to his country are not forgotten."

The appearance of the Major, however, scarcely supported her boast. Seated as he was, his paunchy figure looked flaccid. His chin sunk on his breast. "An old man, Anne," he muttered.

Obviously, it struck two in the room that the scene was too intimate for an outsider. The girl looked that at Varney, who was already fumbling his hat, and he went out. In the corridor he halted, however, and groaned over himself for a spiritless ass. He had concluded nothing—settled nothing. He ought to have sand enough to make up his mind and go back and tell them either that he would vote for the bill or wouldn't. He mulled it over ineffectually, pacing up and down, now looking from the window, now about to ring for the elevator, then pacing again. He was near the end of the corridor staring into his hat when the private door opened and Anne stepped out before him. The sight of him plainly gave her a start; then his tormented face arrested her.

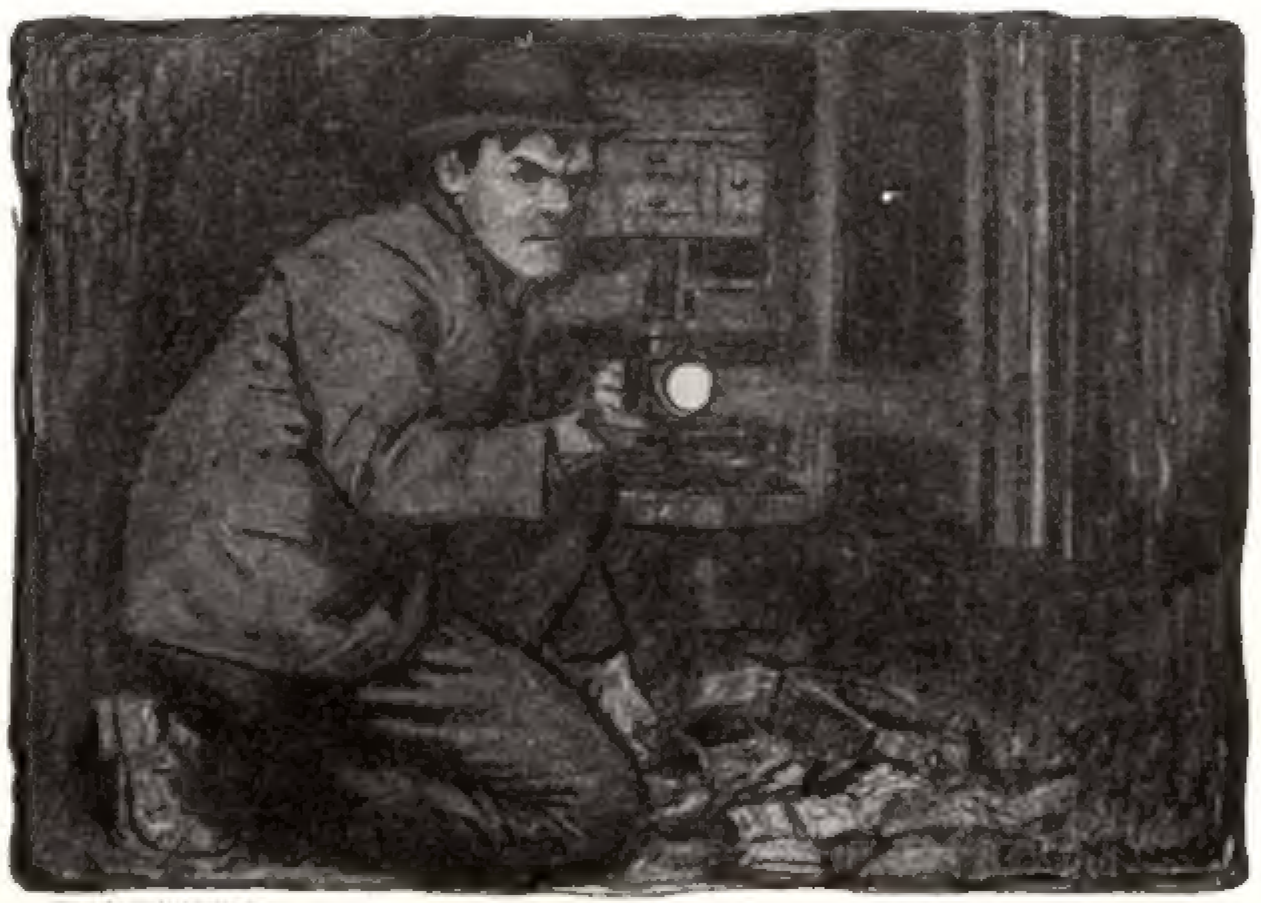
"I never was in such a hole, Anne! Never!" he blurted out helplessly. "I ought to vote against that bill. I ought to. And I can't vote against the Major and you. Yes, you! That's it, Anne—you! I never did anything in my life that wasn't square." The dumpy figure of the Major, carefully brushed by Sam, hat in hand, appeared in the doorway behind her. "Oh, well," said Varney, as though that quite settled it, and he went down the stairs without waiting for the elevator.

(Continued on Page 27)

THE BAKED APPLE ALIBI

In Which the Stone Dog and the Jack of Spades Establish the Innocence of the Guilty

BY HUGH PENDEXTER



Twenty Thousand Dollars

MR. EZRA STACKPOLE BUTTERWORTH, the founder of the Bureau of Abnormal Litigation, frowned impatiently on his rough-voiced, fidgeting visitor and repeated decisively: "No, no; I tell you, we can't take the case! We do not go in for criminal practice, and your man, my assistant informs me, has a most undesirable record. The fact alone that he is known in police circles as 'Slinky Bill' is enough to convict him."

"Butch" McCarty, ward heeler, and at present envoy for Mr. William Bilks, burglar, drew down his coarse, red face sorrowfully, and without attempting to meet the snapping gaze of the old lawyer, murmured: "Poor ol' Slinky! To think his record must cr-rop out to down him whin fer wanst he's innercent!"

"He has no one but himself to thank for his record! Those things usually do count against a man," commented Mr. Butterworth, turning to his summons and complaint in a civil action.

"Well," sighed Mr. McCarty, rising slowly, "a stone dog ain't th' best aliby in th' wurruld, an' yit if a good legal guy cud have played it up, Slinky wud go fr-ree."

Mr. Butterworth slowly revolved his swing-chair until he faced the politician, and with curiosity in his voice, thinly disguised by a tone of pettishness, demanded: "Stone dog? Huh! What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean a stone dog. Wan with blud on his head," replied Mr. McCarty listlessly, as he moved toward the door.

"And that is his alibi?"

"That an' a baked apple, sir," said the ward boss mildly.

"Er—please sit down, Mr. McCarty," invited the old lawyer nervously. "Let us briefly go over the facts in the case so far as they are known—but mind you, without my committing myself as to whether or not I will accept your retainer. Now, William Bilks, self-confessed burglar, better known as Slinky Bill, server of several sentences, is arrested and indicted on the charge of looting the safe of the Ward-Hungar Lumber Company in Bloomville, one of our suburbs. The robbery netted somebody twenty-five thousand dollars, and as a result of this loss the company cannot meet its obligations. Mr. Bilks was seen in the immediate vicinity of the crime, the prosecution maintains, shortly before the safe was opened."

"An' we can pr-rove he was tin miles west iv that point," interrupted Mr. McCarty eagerly, his red face radiating waves of sincerity.

"On what errand?" asked the lawyer suspiciously.

"Lookin' over th' primises iv a feed store," admitted Mr. McCarty honestly.

"And his alibi consists of?"

"A stone dog, bleedin', an' a baked apple," was the firm reply.

Mr. Butterworth sank back with a glint of admiration in his keen, old eyes, and murmured: "Do I understand the dog or the apple had been injured?"

"Th' dog."

"Who is the prosecution's principal witness?"

"James Hekle, manager iv th' company. He'll swear to seein' Slinky——"

"Hasn't the man any right to a Christian name?" shuddered Mr. Butterworth.

"Mebbe; but it don't fit so good. That's all. But annything to oblige. Well, th' manager says he saw *Mr.* Bilks that evenin' hangin' ar-round th' lumber yar-rds. Thin th' safe was plucked an' th' money an' cowpons was missin'."

"Coupons as well as money?"

"Shure. Terbacker cowpons: thim yez can swap fer a sofy piller, or a hat r-rack, or a air-gun," explained Mr. McCarty. "Th' manager says he use to keep 'em there so th' office-boy couldn't steal 'em. An' to think anny wan cud iver accuse Slink—excuse me, I mean Misther Bilks—iv touchin' such tr-ruck! But up comes Misther Wise Cr-racker, th' polisman, an' t'runs back his coat an' flashes his pewter——"

"I beg pardon?"

"His medal, his br-breastplate, his——"

"Possibly you mean badge?"

"Shure. Well, he turns in th' alar-rum an' Slinky—Bilks—is pinched, invistigated, indicted, an' now, whin there's so manny jobs he cud conscientiously do time fer, he must tr-rip along, wan-two, wan-two, fer a job he niver touched. I've heard say that even th' divvle has some r-rights, an' Slinky—Misther Bilks—ain't no divvle. Why, that la-ad cud be left alone all da-ay in this dump."

"No," broke in Mr. Butterworth hurriedly, as his eyes dwelt fondly on several bronze pieces; "he must never come here, and if I take the case he must never know where my office is."

"Oh, that's all r-right, iv course; though it wud br-reak his heart if he knew yez cudn't thrust him," said Mr. McCarty. "But can I tell th' gang ye're on an' will take th' modest little fee we've scr-rimped an' saved jist to give Slink—Misther Bilks—a square shake?"

"Hm! Really, I am inclined to say 'No,'" mused the old lawyer. "I wouldn't consider it for a moment unless I could be convinced of his innocence."

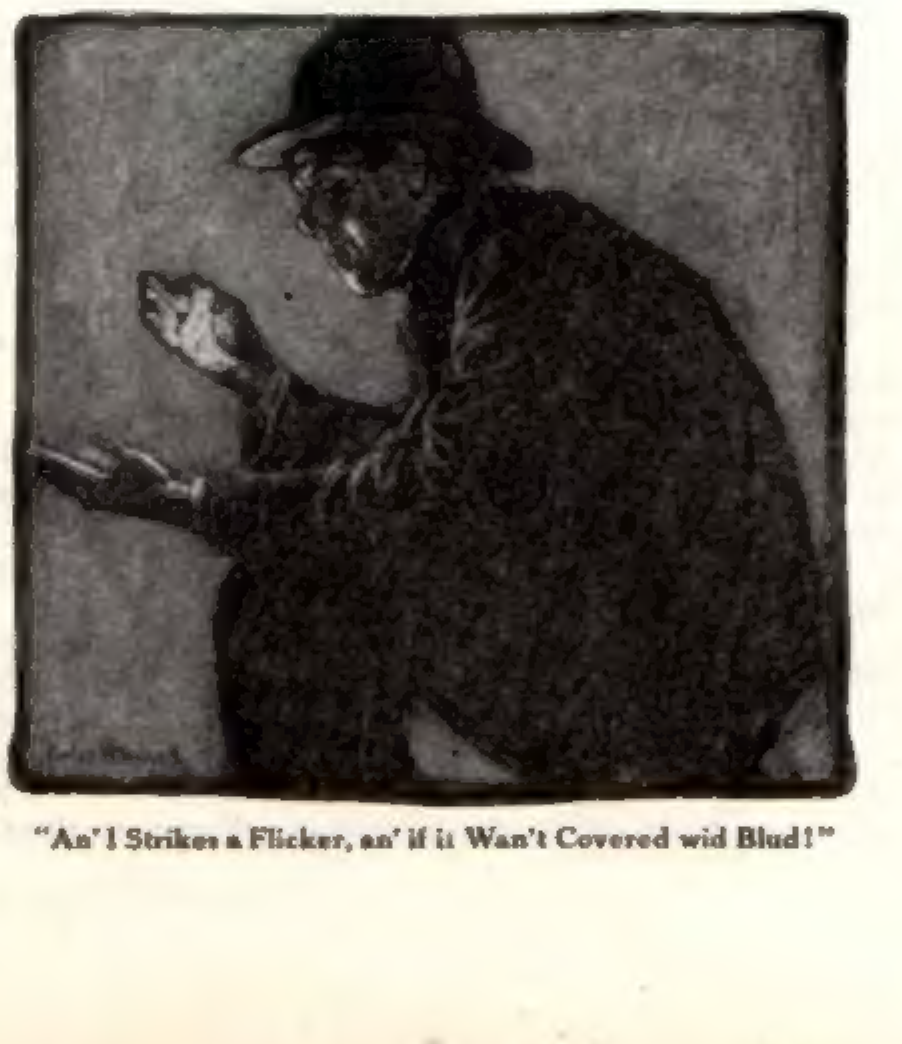
"He's as innercent as I be!" cried Mr. McCarty.

"Possibly," agreed Mr. Butterworth dryly. "But will he prove it? What about this alibi? A dog and—some fruit, did you say?"

"Baked apple," reminded Mr. McCarty.

"Strangely inanimate for an alibi, yet smacking of oddity," mused the lawyer. "Well, I'll call on Mr. Bilks in his retirement and talk with him. If you will drop in tomorrow and bring the retainer I'll be ready to announce my decision."

"Thanks," cried Mr. McCarty heartily. "An' now as I want to be fair an' square with ye, would ye think at first blush that th' Jack iv Spa-ades, wor-rn pr-roudly in a milkman's hat band, wud help th' case anny?"



"An' I Strikes a Flicker, an' if it Wan't Covered wid Blud!"

"Why, bless me," gasped the old lawyer, mechanically seizing his pencil, "it sounds convincing! Some more of the alibi?"

"It is. At first I thought I'd say not a wurrud as it was th' Jack iv Spa-ades an' not iv Hear-rts."

"What difference could that make?" cried Mr. Butterworth.

"A hear-rt shows up so much betther in th' early hours I wish it was that. I begged Slink—Misther Bilks—to change it an' s-ay it was a hear-rt. But no. Sez he, 'I'm tough, but I'm honest. I'm a burgl'r be prefession, but I ain't sunk to deceit yit. A spa-ade's a spa-ade.'"

"I will interview him to-day," repeated Mr. Butterworth gravely. "His defense sounds sincere to me."

"Why, to pr-rove it wud be th' yolk iv th' aig f'r ye," said Mr. McCarty admiringly, as he backed humbly to the door and bowed himself out.

Mr. Butterworth, once his visitor was gone, pursed his lips in doubt and shook his head several times as he overhauled a file of newspapers and read how seemingly conclusive was the old cracksman's guilt. Since creating his Bureau of Abnormal Litigation and winning considerable renown by his eccentric methods, he had been deluged with petitions to take up the defense of criminal cases. His nature was not in sympathy with this line of work, however, and he had shunned it as far as possible. But occasionally, when a prisoner protested his innocence and brought forward something unusual in exoneration, the old lawyer had relented, lured on by the very novelty of the situation. He was a connoisseur of unusual legal points, and his sign, stating to the busy street that he was "Counselor at Eccentric Law," brought him much civil practice, the nature of which had frightened away his more mechanical and prosy fellow-attorneys.

When, however, he took up the defense in a criminal prosecution it was as a rule in a homicide case, where his sympathies had been enlisted by the desperate straits of the prisoner. But in this instance the defendant was a notorious safe-blower, a man from the lower walks of life, who doubtless would have robbed the lumber company's safe if given an opportunity. No; the dignity of his bureau demanded he resist the glamor of Mr. McCarty's appeal and have nothing to do with it. He would not take it, and——

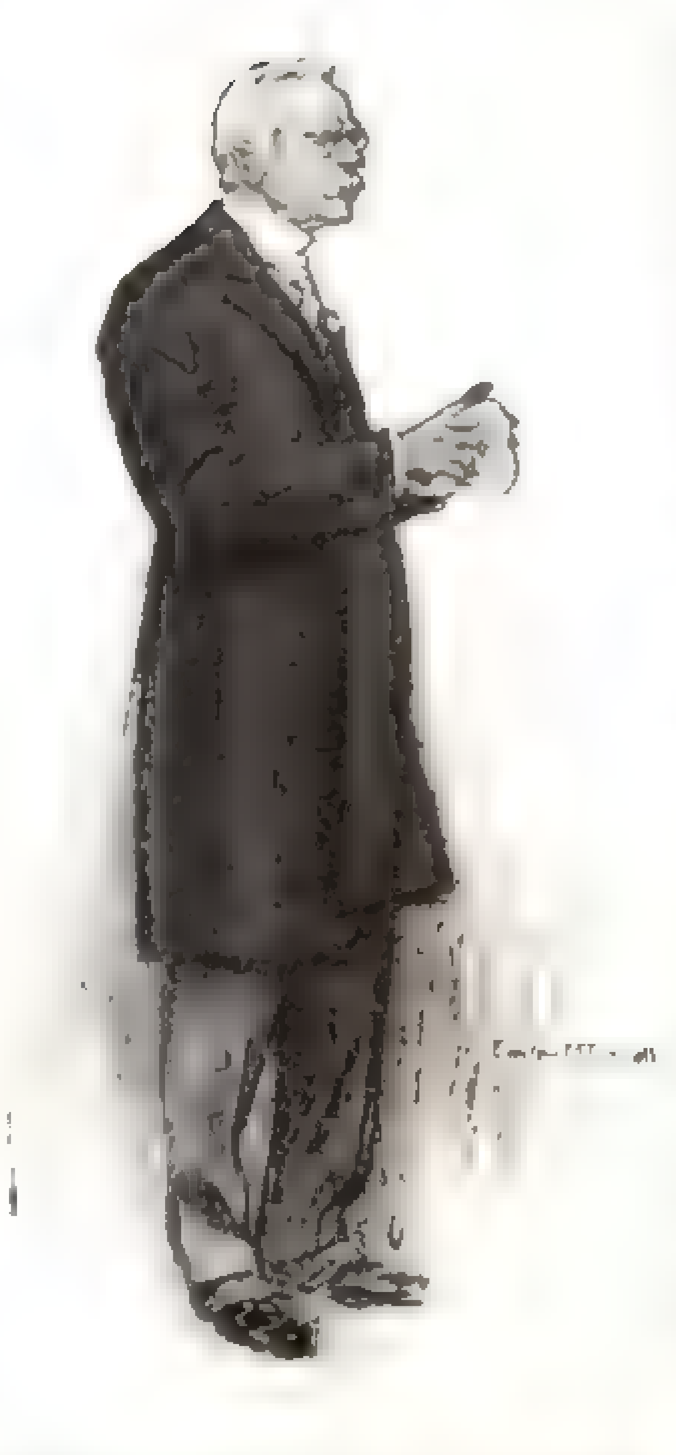
Then his eyes fell on his penciled notes, where "stone dog," "baked apple," plus the "jack of spades," caught his gaze and held him. The novelty of it all, the inherent possibilities of, say, a baked apple, pulled strongly at his inclination. A common doer of evil would have relied on the perjured word of his mates. But here was a man who was eager to substantiate his assertions of innocence by a group of inanimate objects; who, with the unconscious yearning of the artist, appreciated the value of the trivial and commonplace. And as this introduction of the insignificant at an unusual time and place was the keynote of the old lawyer's many successes and had won for him the characterization "abnormal," the penciled notes were carefully pocketed and Mr. Bilks was called upon an hour later.

"The man is certainly innocent," muttered Mr. Butterworth, as he emerged into the sunlight with a sharp sparkle in his eyes. "What an anomaly! An honest villain! I'm almost sorry I accepted his case. Yet what a unique chain of exonerating evidence!" Then he sought to console his wavering mind by suggesting: "But possibly it will be the means of teaching a lesson. He may reform." Yet as Mr. Bilks' stubbly and stubborn face returned before his inner eye, he added doubtfully: "*Just* possibly!"

The amount of the booty, coupled with the prisoner's history, had lifted the crime above the average plane of county court prosecutions and had furnished an important news story for several days. It only needed the intelligence that the Bureau of Abnormal Litigation was to conduct the defense to revive and double the interest when the case was moved for trial.

The circumstantial evidence had seemed so conclusive that the District Attorney approached his task with scant vigor. But when one of his assistants informed him Mr. Butterworth was on the other side a wave of activity swept through the office, with the D. A. dumbly wondering in what guise the inevitable surprise would come.

The trial opened before a crowded courtroom, the major portion of the audience being lawyers, who never missed an opportunity to witness the old practitioner at bay.



The Old Lawyer Paused and Daintily Dusted with His Handkerchief the Fingers that Had Been Employed to Restrain Mr. Bilks in His Chair

Although incisive and interesting when appearing for either side in a civil action, he was at his best in defending a forlorn hope. Some of those present had refused the retainer, and now were wondering what abnormal thread had been discovered to cause the veteran exponent of unusual law to take it up.

The judge, always eying a defendant as one created solely to annoy him and interfere with his dinner hour, frowned slightly as he mounted the bench and looked down on the defendant's table. And Mr. Bilks was not one who could be expected to excite pity. Short and thick of figure, his strong frame was surmounted by a heavily-thatched head, which, when close cropped in a penal institution, would be characterized in the vernacular as "bullet." The hair was now long and wiry, and, like the eyes, jet black. The jaw, thrust well forward, was of the popular bulldog style and showed blue-black from the jail barber's morning efforts.

The slight form, the delicate features and white hair of the old lawyer showed in deep contrast, as the two bowed their heads over the table and held whispered consultations.

"Say, Bo," growled Mr. Bilks in a voice meant to be hushed, but really resembling the stifled plaint of a fog horn, "does dem guys in de jury box look good ter youse?"

Mr. Butterworth nodded his head slightly and murmured for his client to keep silent as the District Attorney was about to open for the prosecution.

The People's case was simple and direct. The lumber company had been robbed of twenty-five thousand dollars on a night when the defendant was seen loitering about the office, and later seen scurrying toward the city encumbered with a gripsack or parcel. Mr. James Hekle, manager, would swear to receiving this amount of money in banknotes of various denominations, and to placing it in the safe on the night of the robbery. The money was intended to be used in paying off the help, and as a consequence of its disappearance the company could not meet its other obligations and might be forced into bankruptcy. The crime was the more abhorrent as it struck at so many. No portion of the money had been recovered, but the jury was reminded that the defendant had had ample time to reach the city and conceal his loot.

"Why didn't you tell me they would try to prove seeing you leaving the scene of the robbery?" whispered Mr. Butterworth sharply.

"S'long as I's innercent what differ does it make how many swears ter seein' me?" growled Mr. Bilks indignantly.

Mr. Hekle was the first witness called. He told of the company's method of paying off a host of workmen every two weeks, and explained that the twenty-five thousand dollars not only included the pay-roll, but also was to have been used in meeting outstanding bills. He had placed it in the safe in the presence of an aged clerk, and the two had left the office together to attend a secret society meeting. On their way to the hall they had met the defendant at the entrance of the yards, a few feet from the office. At midnight the witness had been summoned from the hall by the village watchman, who informed him that the door to the company's office had been found ajar. An examination quickly revealed that the lock to the safe had been picked and the money taken. The robbery must have been committed prior to twelve o'clock.

"Well, say, Bo, but he certainly is de slick 'un," admired Mr. Bilks in a husky whisper.

"You have told all you know about the affair?" was Mr. Butterworth's first question in cross-examination.

"I believe so."

"What about the tobacco coupons you kept in the safe?"

The witness reddened, but replied: "I wasn't asked about them."

"Yet such coupons were there?"

The witness answered in the affirmative, and added that he had told the District Attorney of them.

"But as their discovery in the defendant's possession would be almost positive proof of his guilt, and as they have never been found, you did not remind my opponent of them in your direct examination, as a bit of evidence, realizing he would have asked about them had he wished any mention, liable to exonerate the defendant, to be made?" suggested Mr. Butterworth genially.

The District Attorney hotly objected to any conclusions being drawn, and was sustained by the Court. Then he added, with a shrewd glance at the jury "A man who had time to conceal twenty-five thousand dollars in banknotes wouldn't be inconvenienced to find a hiding-place for, or to destroy, a bunch of worthless tobacco prize coupons. It was a simple matter to throw them away."

"I accept your apology," said Mr. Butterworth kindly.

"Fer de love of—— Say, Bo, dat certainly was a warm shot," said Mr. Bilks in a half-audible tone that sadly detracted from the dignity of the prosecutor's passionate disclaimer.

"The defendant is not being tried for stealing tobacco coupons," reminded the Court sternly and with an icy stare at the distorted face of the burglar. "Coupons are not even mentioned in the indictment. The District Attorney evidently does not care to litter up the case with immaterial evidence."

"I take an exception to the Court's remarks," said Mr. Butterworth. "Nothing is immaterial that goes a step toward proving the prisoner's innocence."

The aged clerk next substantiated his employer's story in every detail and was positive that the defendant was the man he saw near the office. The third witness told of seeing Mr. Bilks, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, hastening cityward, carrying something under his arm. It was quite dark, despite the moonlight, yet he was almost positive the man whom he saw and the defendant were the same. This evidence, followed by several policemen, and a clerk of courts staggering under a heavy record of convictions, who tore the defendant's reputation to shreds and pictured him as a man who lived solely to be sentenced for burglaries, closed the prosecution's case.

"If the Court please," said Mr. Butterworth, "I will endeavor to be as brief in concluding the defense as has been my learned brother in presenting the People's proof. I will enter on no outline of the defense beyond the simple assertion that my client stole no money from the complainant and is here solely as the result of his former ill-advised activity. But he is not to be convicted because of his reputation. And I would desire the jury to remember that nothing is inconsequential and trivial and apt to 'litter up the case' that in any way tends to show the defendant could not have participated in the crime charged. Our defense is an alibi. It is a bit unusual, and for that reason all the more impressive."

With this foreword the old lawyer paused and daintily dusted with his handkerchief the fingers that had been employed to restrain Mr. Bilks in his chair while being identified as the man with the bundle. Mr. Bilks was then motioned to the witness stand.

"Mr. Bilks, where were you on the night of this occurrence?" Mr. Butterworth plunged into the examination.

"I's in a joint called Eply, ten miles from dat punk job."

"Where in Eply?"

"Well, fer one t'ing I was in de bug-house grounds."

"Witness was where?" asked the Court.

"He says he was on the premises of the insane asylum," interpreted Mr. Butterworth.

"Huh! Go on."

"What did you do there?"

"I's sort of weary wid walkin' round town an' I sets down on a dawg."

"Stenographer, did the witness say log or dog?" demanded the amazed judge.

"I said a dawg," broke in Mr. Bilks confidentially. "In de langwige of de poet, a pup, a bow-wow."

"What kind of a dog?" interrupted Mr. Butterworth quickly, as he detected a storm hovering over the face of justice.

"A stone 'un."

"Stone! I believe he said stone," murmured the Court, removing his spectacles and breathing heavily. "Mercy!"

"Dat's wot," agreed Mr. Bilks genially.

"What happened then?" hurriedly asked counsel.

"Well, den I puts down my mit. See? An' I gits it all sticky. See? An' I strikes a flicker, an' if it wan't covered wid blud!"

"Blood!" reëchoed the Court, suddenly slumping several inches in his high-back chair.

"Dat's wot," retorted Mr. Bilks stoutly. "An' I gits it on de tail of my coat. Den I quits de place on de jump."

"Did the dog bite you?" asked the Court anxiously.

"Naw; de dawg didn't bite me. See? De dawg was stone an' couldn't bite nut'in'," growled Mr. Bilks, as one suspecting he was being made game of.

"Candor will compel you to admit, sir," observed the Court to the complacent Mr. Butterworth, "that this is all very—er—peculiar and possibly to be viewed with amazement."

"That the dog didn't bite him?" demanded Mr. Butterworth. "I except to your Honor's remarks as being unduly prejudicial to the defense. My client is unhappily environed, I will confess, but these circumstances, related to his defense, although seemingly abnormal, are purely trivial and yet conducive to a fair inference that he did not commit this crime."

"Say, Bo, dat's all ter de good!" cried Mr. Bilks enthusiastically, mopping his black hair from his deep-set eyes as he leaned forward eagerly. "I never did a job yet——"

"There, there," broke in counsel sharply, "that will do, sir."

"Let the witness finish," purred the Court gently.

"Dat I was ashamed of," concluded Mr. Bilks defiantly.

"A striking illustration of the perfect candor of the simple mind," cried Mr. Butterworth exultantly; "revealing at a flash the man's innate honesty, despite his record! He has erred; he has paid the price, and he is not ashamed to confess it."

"Fer de love of——" gasped Mr. Bilks in an undertone.

"If the Court please," spoke up Juror Number Six pompously, "I live in Eply and there are stone dogs scattered about the premises of the insane asylum. What the defendant calls blood was paint. I remember well when the images were being freshly painted."

"Ah-a-a!" snarled the heretofore quiescent District Attorney, jumping to his feet. Then he collapsed, as he realized how foolish it was to ruffle a juror. But his imploring gaze was not lost upon his friend, the judge, who promptly, and a bit warmly, reminded the juror he was there to hear and not be heard.

But, as the offender set his lower jaw and drew down his mouth, Mr. Butterworth smiled brightly and observed to the District Attorney that truth should not be feared, even when coming from a juror.

The Court, fearing to go further into the situation, could only glare at Number Six and snap to counsel: "Proceed."

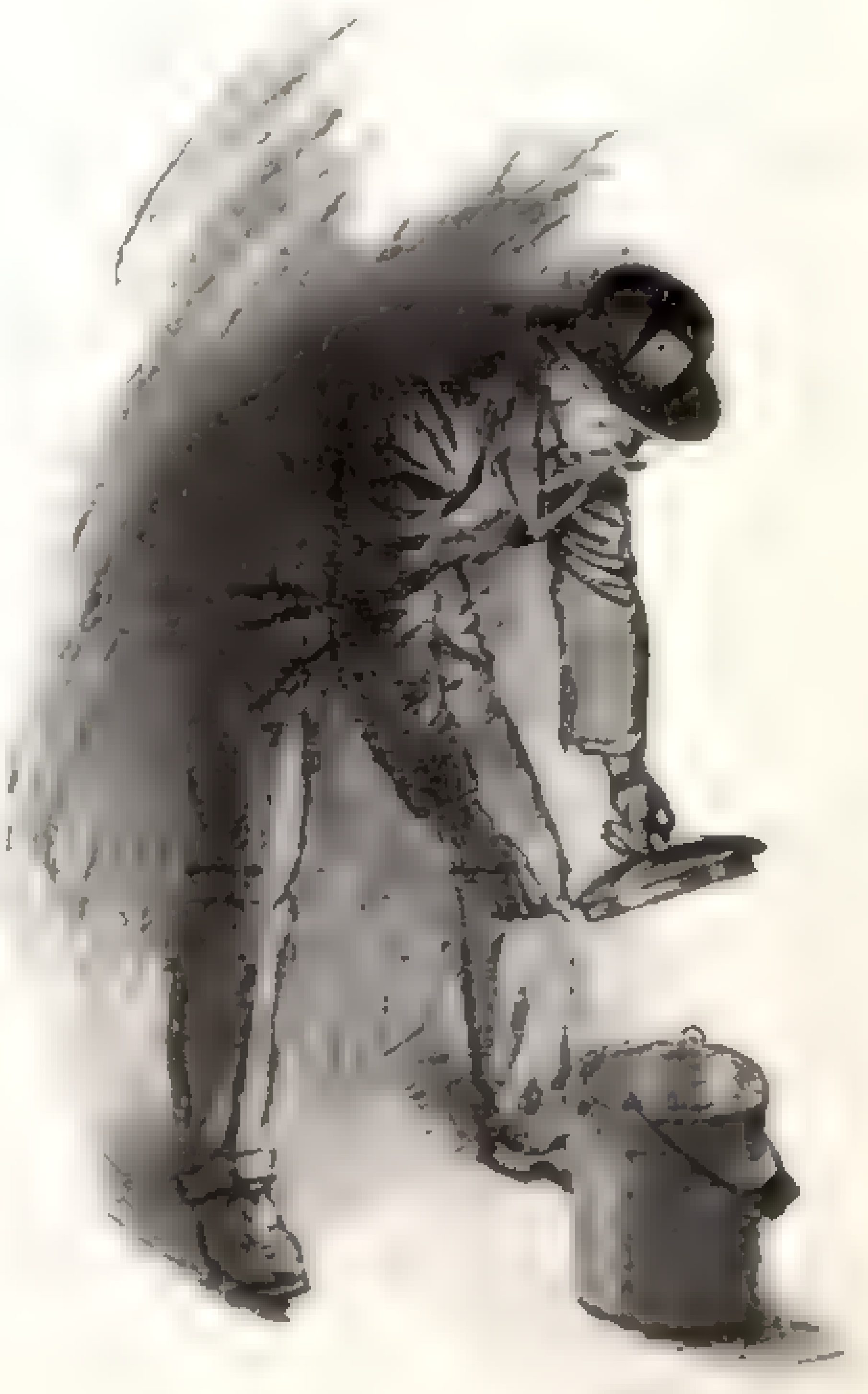
"Where did you go after leaving the dog?" continued Mr. Butterworth.

"Why, I goes ter a church fair, where dey was playin' some innercent sport an' graftin' de small coins in brace games, where youse name de number of beans in a bottle an' gits maced. See?"

"Will you swear it wasn't a funeral or a glee club you visited?" sneered the District Attorney.

"If the Court please," gravely remonstrated Mr. Butterworth, "I believe the defendant has the right to be heard,

(Continued on Page 30)



"Now an' Den He'd Light a Match an' Look Inter a Big Milk-Can Ter See de Time o' Day"

The Packers and the Future

By J. Ogden Armour

The Late P. D. Armour, Founder of Armour & Co.

THE interests of the private car line and the packing industries are so intimately connected that the future of either must necessarily involve, to a considerable extent, the future of the other. Broadly speaking, they are equally the objects of attack on the part of mistaken or malicious agitators; but the sharpest fight seems to be focused on the private car lines, and, therefore, I shall place emphasis on that more acute line of campaign.

If the hostile legislation now aimed at either or both of these industries becomes law, there is no question that the men who are pushing it will have the satisfaction of having dealt a hard and perhaps fatal blow to the packers and to two great industries which have done more, I believe, than any other two industries to give the whole people the cardinal comforts of good living: wholesome fresh meats and fresh fruits and vegetables. But their satisfaction will not end with crippling these agencies of administration to the common needs of humanity. They will also awake to the fact that theirs will be the credit of dealing a staggering blow to scores of other industries—to the cattle-raising business, to the calling of the fruit and the vegetable growers, to the entire agriculture of the country, and, finally, to the scores of other industries which are sensitively and inseparably inter-related with the animal, fruit and vegetable industries.

Believing this, it seems to me that whatever threatens the future normal and legitimate development of the business in which the private car lines and the packers are engaged directly concerns not only every business man of this country but every individual in the United States. Therefore, I shall offer no apology for attempting to meet in this final paper the charges, attacks and criticisms which have been made public in certain magazines, periodicals and newspapers and in the public utterances of the enemies of the private car lines and of the packers which have been put forth since the publication of my earlier articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Although the assaults have, in many cases, been personal—and bitterly so—and the provocation is strong to deal with them in kind and to show their personal animus (as I can in every instance), they will be met in general terms, but, I believe, with sufficient definiteness. In some points it will be necessary in this closing summary to refer briefly to matters touched upon earlier in this series, but only for the purpose of giving a clear and adequate bird's-eye view of the war that is being waged to disorganize industries which are indispensable to the American people, and to make their future a record of struggle, and perhaps failure, under the handicap and hardship of unfair and unwarranted legislation.

What Shippers Have to Say

THE misrepresentation employed by the anti-car line champions cannot overcome the force of this simple fact: The men who pay "extortionate rates" to the private car lines—that is, the actual growers and shippers of fruits—*never have voiced a serious complaint against the car lines and do not now favor the anti-car line agitation.* This does not mean there are not some individual or association complaints. I feel perfectly safe in saying that more than 90 per cent. of the growers, where private refrigerator cars are operated, are in favor of keeping the private car lines with their refrigeration service and their exclusive contracts in operation as they are. The better business man the fruit grower is, and the more experience he has had with commercial enterprises other than fruit growing, the more heartily does he speak out for the private car line and its exclusive contract. Such men understand the risks in any business; therefore, they appreciate what an advantage it is to have a responsible concern bound to furnish, at the instant needed, *good* cars, clean cars, and *enough* cars, with *prompt* and *certain* icing—advantages which they seldom had when railroads attempted to furnish the refrigeration or when several refrigerator car companies competed for their business—advantages which they cannot hope to get for years to come, if they are deprived of private cars and forced to depend on railroad refrigeration.

Men of this class appreciate, too, that good service must be paid for and that *poor service is dear at any price;* and *service* in the handling of perishable berries and fruits *is the first consideration*, as every successful grower will testify. If the most extravagant and misleading comparisons that have been made between private car and railroad refrigeration rates were true, the difference would amount, on peaches, say, to ten or fifteen dollars a car. The practical and successful grower reasons thus: "When I get good refrigeration and reliable service for ten or fifteen or even twenty-five dollars a car more than I would pay for poor refrigeration service, the extra money is well invested. That extra ten or fifteen dollars a car will mean, in almost every instance, from fifty to one hundred dollars a car added to my net returns by reason of my fruit getting to market in good condition." Is it not a distinct credit to furnish a quality of refrigeration service for which growers are willing to pay an advanced price? I believe it is. Here and there, of course, one finds a "kicker." Absolute unanimity would be impossible as human nature is now constituted, but the kicker's grievance can always be traced to some individual and usually accidental happening. Illustrating this general point as to the quality of service let me quote from one of several letters now on my desk from Koshkonong, Missouri, the largest peach-shipping point in Missouri—letters from growers who had heard that the private car line service might be withdrawn from the 'Frisco Railroad System this year. Mr. T. M. Culver, who manages five hundred acres of Elberta peach orchard, writes:

"I, as well as a lot of other peach growers at this place, have planted and are still planting thousands of trees, and not by any means the least incentive to our large plantings is the excellent service we get from the Armour Car Lines. If you say that we will have no more Armour cars in which to ship our peaches, it will be the greatest disappointment to me I have ever met with in my peach-growing experience. I firmly believe it would be a good many years before such a service as Armour's could be had on the 'Frisco. I have shipped hundreds of cars of peaches and not one complaint have I ever had as to condition on arrival, nor have my commission men ever complained to me about extortionate charges. Neither have I any complaint to make along this line." And Mr. Culver closes with the assertion that the loss of the private car service "will be disastrous to peach growers." I could quote similar expressions by scores from fruit growers—practical and successful fruit growers—in all parts of this country from Michigan to Georgia and from Delaware to California.

War in the Open

NOW just a final word on the real animus of this fight on the private car lines. Fruit-handling commission men—not all commission men, but some—have been forced to come out into the open and admit that they are trying to kill the private car lines if they can and to cripple them if extermination is not possible. Hostile legislation is their machine gun.

One of the chief arguments they have used in enlisting the aid of representatives, senators, writers and other men who make sentiment and legislation is the cry that the private car lines are monopolistic in character, grasping in purpose, and that they seek to control the handling and refrigeration of fruits. Portraits of the leaders of this band of public-spirited commission men adorn the pages of magazines and periodicals in which appear the arguments inspired by them. They are hailed as the champions of anti-monopoly, the protectors of the people in general and of the fruit growers in particular. Their mission is to get the oppressed grower out from under the heel of the private car line magnate; to liberate him from the control of the monopolist.

Please keep all this in mind while you read a few extracts taken from the address of President Streight, delivered before the Annual Convention of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association, held in Omaha, on December 28, 1904. My quotations are made from the pamphlet sent out by the Association as the official report of its proceedings. The italics are my own. Here is the significant declaration made by the official head of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association:

> The great percentage of the commodities we handle are extremely perishable. On this account our business is of more hazardous nature than any ordinary merchandizing. The perishable nature of our commodities alone is sufficiently hazardous without the aid of *fluctuating prices*, overstocks, *unfriendly*, illegitimate and unprofitable *competition.* We should have an organization which would take in every legitimate and honorable jobber of fruit and produce in the Middle and Western States, with the object of *reducing the hazardous nature of our business* to the greatest possible extent. We cannot change the commodities we handle, but we can collect and disseminate information for the benefit of each member. *We can form local and district* organizations and eliminate to some extent UNFRIENDLY AND UNPROFITABLE COMPETITION, lessen the overstocking and fluctuating of local markets, and become *business and social friends* instead of simply *unfriendly competitors* throughout the territory.

The Fruit Jobbers' Campaign

ANOTHER member of the association also addressed the Omaha meeting in the following significant language:

> But conditions are changed. A large part of the business is now done on the f. o. b. plan, or else, if consigned, the shipments are confined to a few reliable houses who have the absolute confidence of the shipper, and the shipper feels that by loyally standing by the receiver through thick and thin he will achieve greater results than in the "old rainbow-chasing days."
>
> One of the greatest drawbacks of the present method of buying f. o. b., especially has it so proved the past season, *is the disposition on the part of our representatives to outbid one another.* I have a case in mind that occurred in Louisiana last spring. Two representatives of Minneapolis houses, actuated by their jealousy, wanted all the strawberries from a well-known point. The result was that prices advanced from $3.25 one day to $4.25 the next day, *this without increasing the production one iota.*
>
> Another case is the Van Buren deal. Texas is practically through shipping when Van Buren begins, and, as the latter is the first in Arkansas to move, their berries are eagerly sought after. Last season there were probably ten men for every car the first week, and, of course, the *local shipper took advantage of our necessities, boosting prices out of sight, cleaning up from $300 to $500 a car, while by a* LITTLE CONCERTED ACTION ON OUR PART just as many berries could have been secured *at probably a dollar a case less.* This is a point we should seriously consider, not that I propose a combination on prices, so much as I do to avoid bunching our men at one particular point and bulling the market. Moreover, *a close relationship* should be encouraged among our buyers and solicitors. Let it be understood that when we cannot land a shipment ourselves, or else have all we can use, we see that a member of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association is favored. Now let me put the question right here: Will every member of this association make it a point to instruct his field man, as well as do it himself, to use his influence to advance the interests of our association among shippers and, when it is impossible to secure a shipment for his own house, make an effort to see that some other house in our association is favored in preference to an outside concern?

Could any appeal for combination against the grower and shipper be more clear than this official declaration? I think not. The most ingenuous and unsophisticated fruit grower cannot fail to understand the hostile intent of language like this.

And again I ask: Could there be a clearer, a more definite and authoritative verification of my statement that the work of the private car lines *in bringing competitive buyers into the fruit-growing districts, there to hustle for business and bid against each other*, has been of inestimable benefit to the grower and shipper? It is an official confirmation of my statement made out of the mouth of an avowed enemy of the private car lines. It is a confession, published in the camp of the enemy, that competition on the part of the buyers—*forced into the field by the private refrigerator car*—results in great gain to the grower, brings him far higher prices and has liberated him from the domination of the commission man.

There is not a grower in any district served by the private refrigerator car—at least none who was there in the fruit business before the coming of the car—who will not admit that the *buyers followed the car into the field*, and that the private car revolutionized the commission business, bringing the commission man to the grower, whereas the grower had before been obliged to seek the commission man and accept his terms. All of this was, I think, made clear in my first and second articles; but the real attitude of the commission men toward the growers and toward the question of "combination" for the purpose of squelching "unfriendly competition" can only be fully appreciated in the light of these utterances of the official heads of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association. The cry of "monopoly" and "combination" certainly comes with rare grace from this organization!

Some of these commission men lose all sense of perspective—and of humor, too—when they undertake to explain how they love high-class refrigeration for its own sake but are nobly battling against the monopoly. One spokesman, in a recent deliverance, grows eloquent with virtuous rage when he contemplates the "horrible conditions" imposed upon refrigerator car service by the "Armour monopoly." In a few paragraphs further along he avers that Armour cars "are to the refrigerator cars of the whole country *but as a drop in the bucket*." If, "but a drop in the bucket," I ask, how can it be a monopoly that is strangling the fruit industry? Again, the spokesman of this particular commission-man coterie makes the specious plea that he and his associates are not trying to drive private car lines out of the business, but are only seeking to "regulate" their rates; then to prove his words he quotes a lawyer-like statement to the effect that "legislation cannot be framed," under the Constitution, to "prevent formation of independent car lines for hire of cars to railways." Quite so, but these very men who are so sure of what cannot be done under the Constitution, are working night and day at Washington for a law that will restrict refrigeration service charges to the actual cost of ice, pound by pound. Such a law would put the refrigerator car lines out of business as effectually as would a law flatly prohibiting them. Efficient *refrigeration service*, with adequate car supply, ice supply, icing, re-icing and inspection, cannot be performed by any car line, railroad or any other agency, for actual cost of ice, unless it is done at an actual loss.

But with all their evasions, these commission men cannot get away from this fact: They desire to drive out of business the private car lines that furnish efficient refrigeration service. For assistance in this they rely much upon that trait in human nature which always enables a falsehood to travel faster than the truth, and they have chosen an apt time for such a campaign—a time when the public mind has been poisoned by "yellow" agitation against everything bearing the name of corporation and by demagogic appeal for political effect. All this was admitted—inadvertently, no doubt—when the president of the National League of Commission Merchants, in convention at Milwaukee last December, summed up the results of the League's anti-private car line fight in these words:

> But we feel that it is at *this session of Congress* that our labors must be rewarded and the necessary legislation enacted, and *we feel encouraged to believe that if not from the merits of our cause, then* FROM THE POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY *of our situation this will be brought about.*

Could a confession be plainer?

But I hope that I shall not be misunderstood as classing all commission men with the ones I have been discussing. Nothing could be more remote from my thought. Many of the strongest houses in the trade have no sympathy with the fight being made in the name of the Western Fruit Jobbers' Association and the National League of Commission Merchants. Members of these organizations have not hesitated to take a stand against them. A case in point is J. D. Hendrickson, of Philadelphia, a former president of the National League, who went to Washington last year and testified that private car line service was a necessity in the perishable fruit business. Mr. Hendrickson is both commission merchant and peach grower; and I believe practically every commission merchant like him, who also knows the fruit business *as a grower*, stands with him on the side of the private car lines.

No longer ago than January 20, F. Newhall & Sons, of Chicago, members of the National League, wrote to the Fruit Trade Journal and Produce Record, the official organ of the commission trade, protesting against the anti-car line movement. I quote a few characteristic sentences.

> We believe our firm is only one among a great many that have been benefited, instead of injured, by the private car lines. Our experience with refrigerator cars before the private car lines came into existence was a sad one. You could seldom get a refrigerator car from a railroad company when you ordered one, and often when you did it was a very poor one, not suitable for the purpose you wanted it for. . . We have made fifty claims for loss and damage on fruit shipped in refrigerator cars furnished by railroads to where we have made one for fruit shipped in private car lines, such as the Armour Car Lines
>
> While they (the refrigeration rates of the private car lines) are higher than charged by some railroads, it has always seemed cheaper in the end, because our goods arrived in better condition and were worth more to us than the difference in refrigeration charges. The private car line refrigerators have been a very great benefit to us in furnishing good refrigerators to move our shipments in throughout the winter season when no charge is made for icing. . . . If we find icing charges too high, let us go to the heads of companies controlling the lines making the unreasonable charges and try to induce them to readjust their rates. We can *accomplish more in this way than by trying to put them out of business.* . . .
>
> We believe in a square deal for all, and we know there is a very large element in the fruit and produce business in the United States which believes as we do.

Editor's Note—This article will be concluded next week.

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

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XIV—RENUNCIATION

VERNON tore down the stairs three and four at a time, and caught Betty as she was stepping into a hired carriage.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, go back to your friends!" said Betty angrily.

"My friends are all right. They'll amuse each other. Tell me."

"Then you must come with me," said she. "If I try to tell you here I shall begin to cry again. Don't speak to me. I can't bear it." He got into the carriage. It was not till Betty had let herself into her room and he had followed her in—not till they stood face to face in the middle of the carpet that he spoke again.

"Now," he said, "what is it? Where's your aunt, and——"

"Sit down, won't you?" she said, pulling off her hat and throwing it on the couch; "it'll take rather a long time to tell, but I must tell you all about it, or else you can't help me. And if you don't help me I don't know what I shall do."

Despair was in her voice.

He sat down. Betty, in the chair opposite his, sat with hands nervously locked together.

"Look here," she said abruptly, "you're sure to think that everything I've done is wrong, but it's no use your saying so."

"I won't say so."

"Well, then—that day, you know, after I saw you at the Bête—Madame Gautier didn't come to fetch me, and I waited and waited, and at last I went to her flat, and she was dead—and I ought to have telegraphed to my stepfather to fetch me, but I thought I would like to have one night in Paris first—you know I hadn't seen Paris at all, really."

"Yes," he said, trying not to let any anxiety into his voice. "Yes—go on."

"And I went to the Café d'Harcourt—— What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"I thought it was where the art students went. And I met a girl there, and she was kind to me."

"What sort of a girl? Not an art student?"

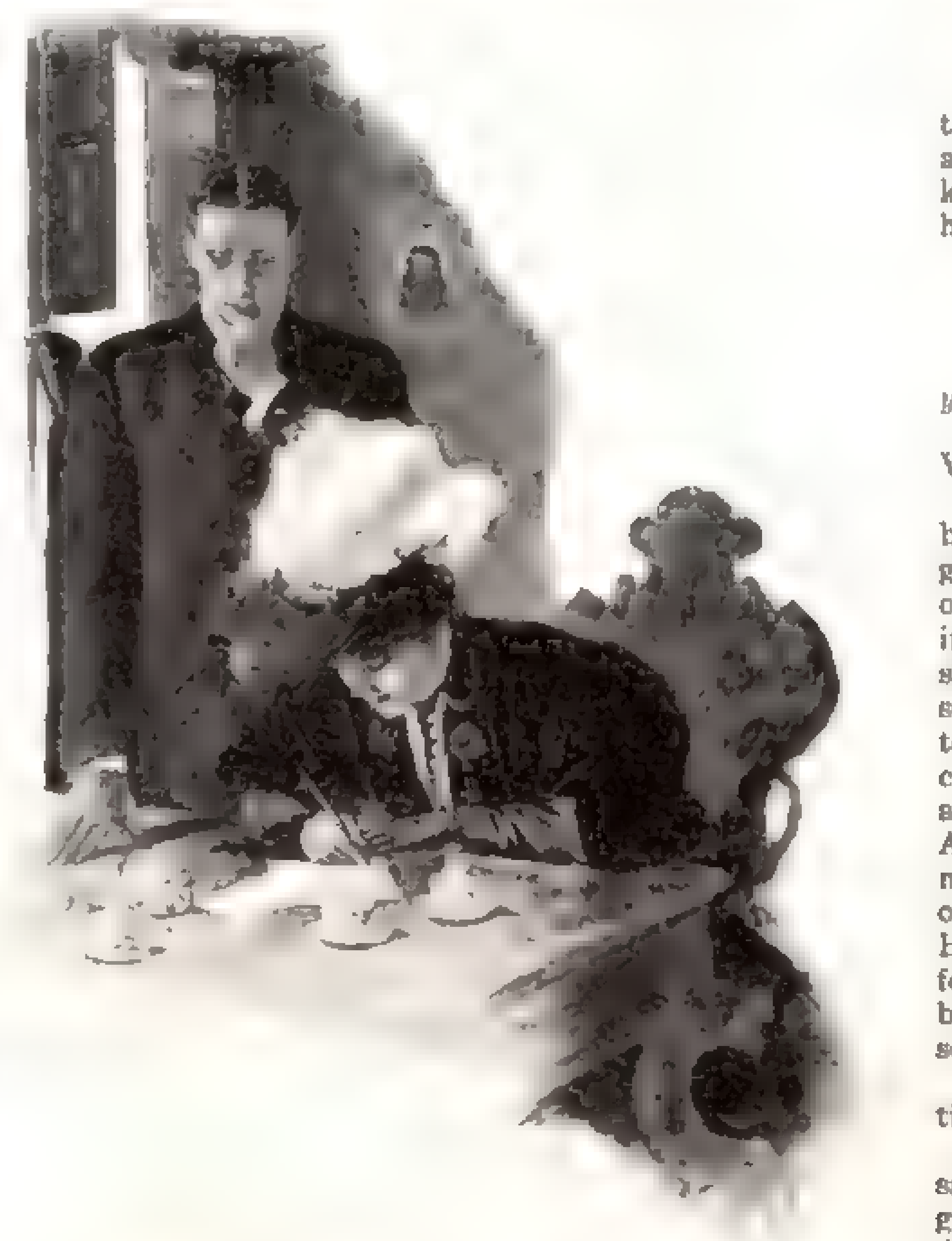
"No," said Betty hardly, "she wasn't an art student."

"Yes?"

"And I—I don't think I should have done it just for me alone, but—I did want to stay in Paris and work—and I wanted to help her. Oh, I know you're horribly shocked, but I can't help it! And now she's gone—and I can't find her."

"I'm not shocked," he said deliberately, "but I'm extremely stupid. How gone?"

"She was living with me here—oh, she found the rooms and showed me where to go for meals and gave me good advice—oh, she did everything for me! And now she's gone. And I don't know what to do. Paris is such a horrible place. Perhaps she's been kidnaped or something. And I don't know even how to tell the police. And all this time I'm talking to you is wasted time."



"My Dear Little Betty"

"It isn't wasted. But I must understand. You met this girl and she——"

"She asked your friend, Mr. Temple—he was passing and she called out to him—to tell me of a decent hotel, but he asked so many questions. He gave me an address and I didn't go. I went back to her, and we went to a hotel and I persuaded her to come and live with me."

"But your aunt?"

Betty explained about her aunt.

"And your father?"

She explained about her father.

"And now she has gone, and you want to find her?"

"Want to find her?"—Betty started up and began to walk up and down the room—"I don't care about anything else in the world! She's a dear; you don't know what a dear she is—and I know she was happy here—and now she's gone!"

"You've looked for her at the Café d'Harcourt?"

"No; I promised her that I'd never go there again."

"She seems to have given you some good advice."

"She advised me not to have anything to do with *you*," said Betty, suddenly spiteful.

"That was good advice—when she gave it," said Vernon quietly; "but now it's different."

He was silent a moment, realizing with a wonder beyond words how different it was. Every word, every glance between him and Betty had hitherto been part of a play. She had been a charming figure in a charming comedy. He had known, as it were by rote, that she had feelings—a heart, affections—but they had seemed pale, dreamlike, just a delightful background to his own sensations, strong and conscious and delicate. Now for the first time he perceived her as real, a human being in the stress of a real human emotion. And he was conscious of a feeling of protective tenderness, a real, open-air primitive sentiment, with no smell of the footlights about it. He was alone with Betty. He was the only person in Paris to whom she could turn for help. What an opportunity for a fine scene in his best manner! And he found that he did not want a scene: he wanted to help her.

"Why don't you say something?" she said impatiently. "What am I to do?"

"You can't do anything. I'll do everything. You say she knows Temple. Well, I'll find him, and we'll go to her lodgings and find out if she's there. You don't know the address?"

"No," said Betty. "I went there, but it was at night, and I don't even know the street."

"Now, look here." He took both her hands and held them firmly. "You aren't to worry. I'll do everything. Perhaps she has been taken ill. In that case, when we find her, she'll need you to look after her. You must rest. I'm certain to find her. You must eat something. I'll send you in some dinner. And then lie down."

"I couldn't sleep," said Betty, looking at him with the eyes of a child that has cried its heart out.

"Of course you couldn't. Lie down, and make yourself read. I'll get back as soon as I can. Good-by." There was something further that wanted to get itself said, but the words that came nearest to expressing it were "God bless you"—and he did not say them.

On the top of his staircase he found Temple lounging.

"Hullo—still here? I'm afraid I've been a devil of a time gone, but Miss Desmond's——"

"I don't want to shove my oar in," said Temple, "but I came back when I'd seen Lady St. Craye home. I hope there's nothing wrong with Miss Desmond?"

"Come in," said Vernon. "I'll tell you the whole thing."

They went into the room desolate with the disorder of half-empty cups and scattered plates, with crumbs of cake on them.

"Miss Desmond told me about her meeting you. Well, she gave you the slip; she went back and got that woman—Lottie what's her name and took her to live with her."

"She didn't know, of course?"

"But she did know—that's the knock-down blow. She knew, and she wanted to save her."

Temple was silent a moment.

"I say, you know, though—that's rather fine," he said presently.

"Oh, yes," said Vernon impatiently, "it's very romantic and all that. Well, the woman stayed a fortnight and disappeared to-day. Miss Desmond is breaking her heart about her."

"So she took her up, and——"

"And the woman's probably gone off with her watch and chain and a collection of light valuables. Only I couldn't tell Miss Desmond that. So I promised to try and find the woman. She's a thorough bad lot. I've run up against her once or twice with chaps I know."

"She's not *that* sort," said Temple. "I know her fairly well."

"Well," said Vernon, "the thing is: we've got to find the woman."

"To get her to go back and live with that innocent girl?"

"No! To find her. To find out why she bolted, and to make certain that she won't 'go back and live with that innocent girl.' Do you know her address?"

But she was not to be found at her address. She had come back, paid her bill, and taken away her effects.

It was at the Café d'Harcourt, after all.

"What's the best news with you?" she asked gayly. "It's a hundred years since I saw you, Bobby, and at least a million since I saw your friend."

"The last time I saw you," Temple said, "was the night when you asked me to take care of a girl."

"So it was! And did you?"

"No," said Temple; "she wouldn't let me. She went back to you."

"So you've seen her again? Oh, I see—you've come to ask me what I meant by daring to contaminate an innocent girl by my society?" She rose, knocking over a chair.

"Don't go," said Vernon. "That's not what we want to ask."

"'*We*', too," she turned fiercely on him; "as if you were a king or a deputation."

"One and one *are* two," said Vernon; "and I did very much want to talk to you."

"And two are company."

She had turned her head away.

"You aren't going to be cruel," Vernon asked.

"Well, send him off, then. I won't be bullied by a crowd of you." Temple took off his hat and went.

"I've got an appointment. I've no time for fool talk," she said.

"Sit down," said Vernon. "First I want to thank you for the care you've taken of Miss Desmond, and for all your kindness and goodness to her."

"Oh!" was all Paula could say. She had expected something so different. "I don't see what business it is of yours, though," she added next moment.

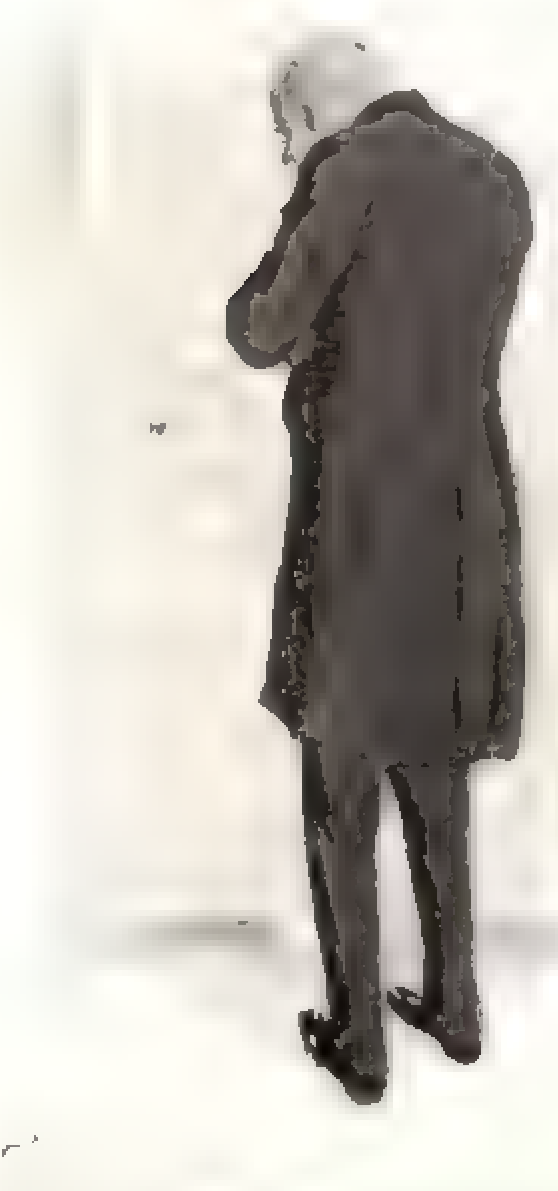
"Only that she's alone here, and I'm the only person she knows in Paris. And I know, much better than she does, all that you've done for her sake."

"I did it for my own sake. It was no end of a lark," said Paula eagerly, "that little dull, pious life. And all the time I used to laugh inside to think what a sentimental fool she was."

"Yes," said Vernon slowly, "it must have been amusing for you."

"I just did it for the fun of the thing. But I couldn't stand it any longer, so I just came away. I was bored to death."

"Yes," he said, "you must have been. Just playing at cooking and housework, reading aloud to her while she drew—yes, she told me that. And the flowers and all her little trumpery odds and ends about. Awfully amusing it must have been."



He Shut the Door as Though He Had Seen Betty's Ghost

"Don't," said Paula.

"And to have her loving you and trusting you as she did—awfully comic, wasn't it? Calling you her girl-friend ——"

"Shut up, will you?"

"And thinking she had created a new Heaven and a new earth for you. Silly, sentimental little schoolgirl!"

"Now," she said, turning furiously on Vernon, "will you go? Or shall I? I don't want any more of you."

"Just one word more," he said with an odd change of expression that made him look young. "Tell me why you left her. She's crying her eyes out for you."

"Why I left her? Because I was sick of —— "

"Don't. Let me tell you. You went with her because she was alone and friendless. You found her rooms, you set her in the way of making friends. And when you saw that she was in a fair way to be happy and comfortable, you came away, because ——"

"Because?" she leaned forward eagerly.

"Because you were afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid of handicapping her. You knew you would meet people who knew you. You gave it all up—all the new life, the new chances—for her sake, and came away. Do I understand? Is it fool-talk?"

Paula leaned her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands.

"You're not like most men," she said; "you make me out better than I am. That's not the usual mistake. Yes, it *was* all that, partly. And I should have liked to stay—for ever and ever—if I could. But suppose I couldn't? Suppose I'd begin to find myself wishing for—all sorts of things. *That's* what I was afraid of."

"And you didn't long for the old life at all?"

She laughed. "Long for that? But I might have. I might have. It was safer —— Well, go back and tell her I wasn't worth saving. But I did try to save her. If you're half a man you won't undo my one little bit of work."

He leaned forward and spoke very earnestly. "Look here," he said, "I won't jaw. But this about you and her—well, it made a difference to me that I can't explain. And I wouldn't own that to any one but *her* friend. I mean to be a friend to her, too, a good friend. No nonsense."

"Swear it!" she said fiercely.

"I do swear it," he said. "And I can't tell her you've gone—back. You must write to her. And you can't tell her that either."

"What's the good of writing?"

"A lie or two isn't much, when you've done all this for her. Come up to my place. You can write to her there."

This was the letter that Paula wrote in Vernon's studio among the half-empty cups and the scattered plates with cake-crumbs on them.

My dear little Betty:

I must leave without saying good-by, and I shall never see you again. My father has taken me back. I wrote to him and he came and found me. He has forgiven me everything, only I have had to promise never to speak to any one I knew in Paris. It is all your doing, dear. God bless you. You have saved me. I shall pray for you every day as long as I live.

Your poor
PAULA.

"Will that do?" she laughed as she held out the letter.

He read it. And he did not laugh.

"Yes—that'll do," he said. "I'll tell her you've gone to England, and I'll send the letter to London to be posted."

"Then that's all settled!"

"Where are you going now?"

"Back to the d'Harcourt. It's early yet."

She stood defiantly smiling at him.

"I'll go a bit of the way with you," he said.

At the door he turned, took her hand and kissed it gently and reverently.

"That's very sweet of you." She opened astonished eyes at him. "I always used to think you an awful brute."

"It was very theatrical of me," he told himself later. "But it summed up the situation. Sentimental ass you're growing!"

Betty got her letter from England and cried over it and was glad over it.

"I have done one thing, anyway," she told herself; "one really, truly good thing. I've saved my poor dear Paula. Oh, how right I was! How I knew her!"

XV—ON MOUNT PARNASSUS

AT LONG BARTON the Reverend Cecil had strayed into Betty's room, now no longer boudoir and bedchamber, but just a room, swept, dusted, tidy, with the horrible tidiness of a room that is not used. There were squares of bright yellow on the dull drab of the wall-paper, marking the old hanging-places of the photographs and pictures that Betty had taken to Paris. He opened the cupboard door: one or two faded skirts, a flattened garden hat and a pair of Betty's old shoes. He shut the door again quickly, as though he had seen Betty's ghost.

The next time he went to Sevenoaks he looked in at the builders and decorators, gave an order, and chose a wall-paper with little pink roses on it. When Betty came home for Christmas she should not find her room the faded desert it was now. He ordered pink curtains to match the rosebuds. And it was when he got home that he found the letter that told him she was not to come at Christmas.

But he did not countermand his order. If not at Christmas, then at Easter; and whenever it was she should find her room a bower. Since she had been away he had felt more and more the need to express his affection. He had expressed it, he thought, to the uttermost, by letting her go at all. And now he wanted to express it in detail, by pink curtains, satin-faced wall-paper with pink roses. The paper cost two shillings a piece, and he gloated over the extravagance and over his pretty, poetic choice. Usually the wall-papers at the rectory had been chosen by Betty, and the price limited to sixpence. He would refrain from buying that Fuller's Church History, one beautiful brown folio whose perfect boards and rich yellow paper had lived in his dreams for the last three weeks, ever since he came upon it in the rag and bone shop in the little back street in Maidstone. When the rosebud paper and the pink curtains were in their place, the shabby carpet was an insult to their bright prettiness. The Reverend Cecil bought an Oriental carpet—of the bright-patterned Jute variety—and was relieved to find that it only cost a pound.

The leaves were falling in brown dry showers in the rectory garden, the chrysanthemums were nearly over, the dahlias blackened and blighted by the first frosts. A few pale blooms still clung to the gaunt hollyhock stems, here and there camomile flowers—"medicine daisies" Betty used to call them when she was little—their whiteness tarnished, showed among bent dry stalks of flowers dead and forgotten. Round Betty's window the monthly rose bloomed pale and pink amid disheartened foliage. The damp began to show on the north walls of the rooms. A fire in the study now daily, for the sake of the books: one in the drawing-room, weekly, for the sake of the piano and the furniture. And for Betty, in far away Paris, a fire of crackling twigs and long logs in the rusty fire-basket, and blue and yellow flames leaping to lick the royal arms of France on the wrought-iron fire-back.

The rooms were lonely to Betty now that Paula was gone. She missed her inexpressibly. But the loneliness was lighted by a glow of pride, of triumph, of achievement. Her deception of her stepfather was justified. She had been the means of saving Paula. In the brief interview which Vernon took to tell her that Paula had gone to England with her father, Betty noticed no change in him. She had no thought for him then. And in the next weeks, when she had thoughts for him, she did not see him.

Life as she saw it in Paris was good to see. The darker, grimmer side of the student life was wholly hidden from Betty. She saw only a colony of young artists of all nations—but most of England and America—all good friends and comrades, working and playing with an equal enthusiasm. She saw girls treated as equals and friends by the men students. If money were short it was borrowed from the first friend one met, and quite usually repaid when the home allowance arrived. A young man would borrow from a young woman or a young woman from a young man as freely as schoolboys from each other. Most girls had a special friend among the boys. Betty thought at first that these must be betrothed lovers. Miss Voscoe, the

American, stared when she put the question about a pair who had just left the restaurant together with the announcement that they were off to the Musée Cluny for the afternoon.

"Engaged? Not that I know of. Why should they be?" she said in a tone that convicted Betty of a social lapse in the putting of the question. Yet she defended herself.

"Well, you know, in England people don't generally go about together like that unless they're engaged, or relations."

"Yes," said Miss Voscoe, filling her glass from the little bottle of weak white wine that costs threepence at Garnier's, "I've heard that is so in your country. Your girls always marry the wrong man, don't they, because he's the first and only one they've ever had the privilege of conversing with?"

"Not quite always, I hope," said Betty good-humoredly.

"Now, in our country," Miss Voscoe went on, "girls look around so as they can tell there's more different sorts of boys than there are of squashes. Then when they get married to a husband it's because they like him, or because they like his dollars, or for some reason that isn't just that he's the only one they've ever said five words on end to."

"There's something in that," Betty owned; "but my aunt says men never want to be friends with girls—they always want ——"

"To flirt? Our men don't, anyway. But if the girl doesn't want to flirt things won't get very tangled up. I don't know how *you* were raised," pursued Miss Voscoe, "but I guess it was in the pretty sheltered home life. Now I'd bet you fell in love with the first man that said three polite words to you!"

"I'm not twenty yet," said Betty with ears and face of scarlet.

"Oh, you mean I'm to think nobody's had time to say those three polite words yet? You come right along to my studio. I've got a tea on, and I'll see if I can't introduce my friends to you by threes, so you get nine polite words at once. You can't fall in love with three boys a minute, can you?"

Betty went home and put on her prettiest frock. After all, one was risking a good deal for this Paris life, and one might as well get as much out of it as one could. And one always had a better time of it when one was decently dressed. Her gown was of dead-leaf velvet, with green undersleeves and touches of dull red and green embroidery at the elbows.

Miss Voscoe's studio was at the top of a hundred and seventeen polished wooden steps, and as Betty neared the top flight the sound of talking and laughter came down to her, mixed with the rattle of china and the subdued tinkle of a mandolin. She opened the door—the room seemed full of people, but she saw only two. One was Vernon and the other was Temple.

Betty furiously resented the blush that hotly covered neck, ears and face.

"Here you are!" cried Miss Voscoe. She was kind: she gave but one fleet glance at the blush and, linking her arm in Betty's, led her round the room. Betty heard her name and other names. People were being introduced to her. She heard:

"Pleased to know you."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance."

And she realized that her circle of American acquaintances was widening. When Miss Voscoe paused with her before the group of which Temple and Vernon formed part, Betty felt as though her face had swelled to that degree that her eyes must, with the next red wave, start out of her head. The two hands, held out in successive greeting, gave Miss Voscoe the key to Betty's flushed entrance.

She drew her quickly away, and led her up to a glaring poster where a young woman in a big red hat sat at a café table, and under cover of Betty's purely automatic recognition of the composition's talent, murmured:

"Which of them was it?"

"I beg your pardon?" Betty mechanically offered the deferential defense.

"Which was it that said the three polite words—before you'd ever met any one else?"

"Ah!" said Betty, "you're so clever ——"

"Too clever to live, yes," said Miss Voscoe; "but before I die—which was it?"

"I was going to say," said Betty, her face slowly drawing back into itself its natural coloring, "that you're so clever you don't want to be told things. If you're sure it's one of them, you ought to know which."

"Well," remarked Miss Voscoe with simple Transatlantic appreciation, "I guess Mr. Temple."

"Didn't I say you were clever?" said Betty.

"Then it's the other one."

Before the studio tea was over Vernon and Temple both had conveyed to Betty the information that it was the hope of meeting her that had drawn them to Miss Voscoe's studio that afternoon.

"Because, after all," said Vernon, "we *do* know each other better than either of us knows any one else in Paris. And, if you'd let me, I could put you up to a thing or two in the matter of your work."

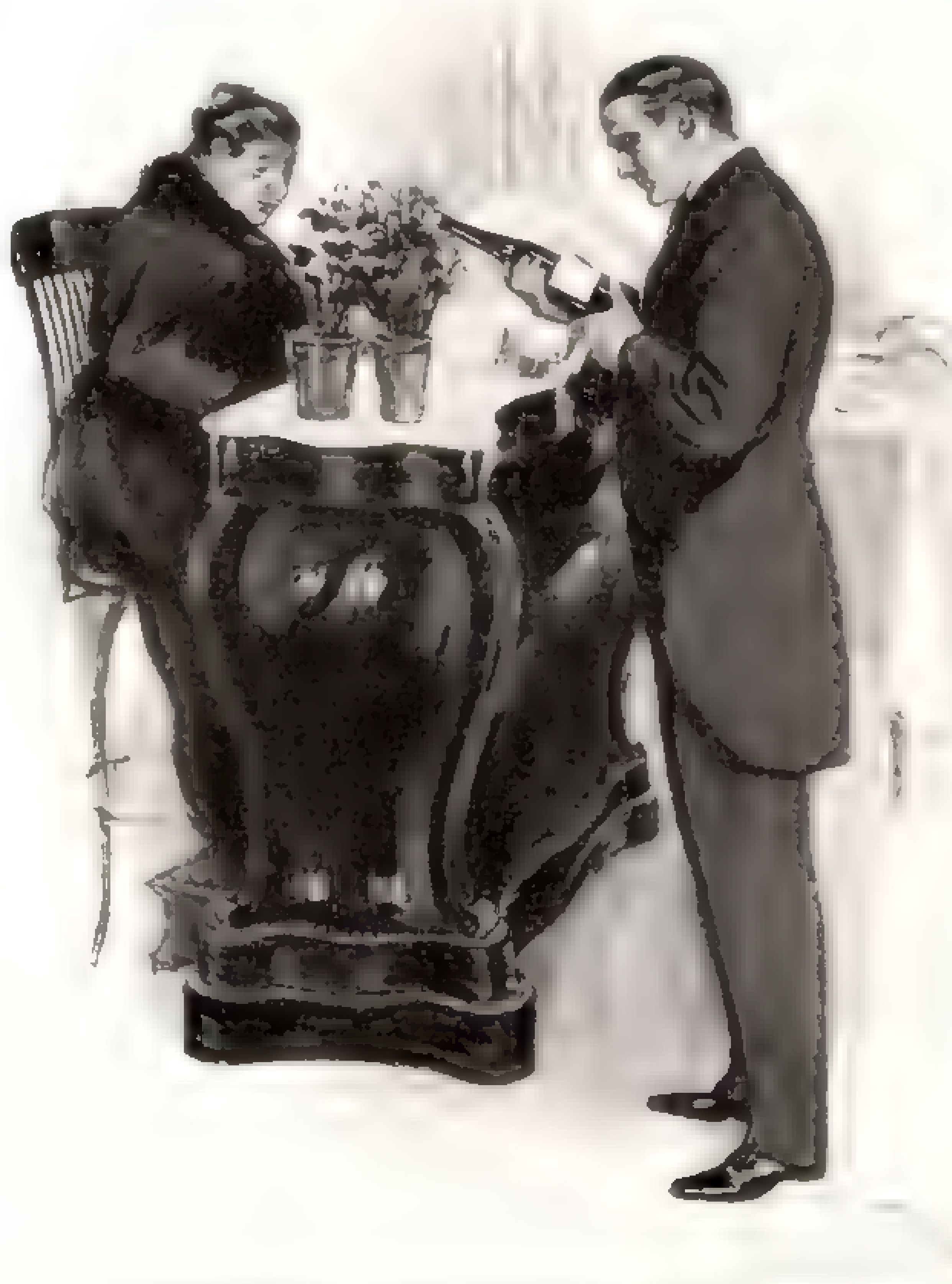
"It's very kind of you," said Betty, "but I'm all alone now Paula's gone, and ——"

"We'll respect the conventions," said Vernon gayly, "but the conventions of the Quartier Latin aren't the conventions of Clapham."

"No, I know," said she; "but there are reasons why I ought to be more conventional than Clapham. I should like to tell you, sometime, only—but I haven't got any one to tell anything to. I wonder ——"

"What? What do you wonder?"

Betty spoke with effort.



At Her Little Desk Among the Flowers and Nuts and Special Sweet Dishes

"I know it sounds insane, but, you know my stepfather thought you—you wanted to marry me. You didn't ever, did you?"

Vernon was silent: none of his habitual defenses served him in this hour.

"You see," Betty went on, "all that sort of thing is such nonsense. If I knew you cared about some one else everything would be so simple."

"Eliminate love," said Vernon, "and the world is a simple example in vulgar fractions."

"I want it to be simple addition," said Betty. "Lady St. Craye is very beautiful."

"Yes," said Vernon.

"Is she in love with you?"

"Ask her," said Vernon, feeling like a schoolboy in an examination.

"If she were—and you cared for her—then you and I could be friends: I should like to be real friends with you."

"Let us be friends," said he after pausing a moment. He made the proposal with every possible reservation.

"Really?" she said. "I'm so glad."

If there was a pang, Betty pretended to herself that there was none. If Vernon's conscience fluttered him he was able to soothe it; it was an art that he had studied for years.

"Say, you two!"

The voice of Miss Voscoe fell like a pebble into the pool of silence that was slowly widening between them.

"Say—we're going to start a sketch club for really reliable girls. We can have it here, and it'll only be one franc an hour for the model, and say six sous each for tea. Two afternoons a week. Three, five, nine of us—you'll join, Miss Desmond?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" said Betty, conscientiously delighted with the idea of more work.

"That makes—nine, six sous and two hours' model—how much is that, Mr. Temple?—I see it written on your speaking brow that you took the mathematical wranglership at Oxford."

"Four francs seventy," said Temple through the shout of laughter.

"Now," said Miss Voscoe, "what this class wants is a competent professor to come and pull our work all to pieces and wipe his boots on the bits. Mr. Vernon, don't you know any one who's pining to give us free crits?"

"Temple is," said Vernon. "There's no mistaking that longing glance of his."

"As a competent professor I make you my bow of gratitude," said Temple, "but I should never have the courage to criticise the work of nine fair ladies."

"Will *you*, Mr. Vernon?" said a downright girl from Minneapolis.

"Fiddle," said Miss Voscoe luminously. "Mr. Vernon's too big for that."

"Oh, well," said Vernon, "if you don't think I should be competent!"

"You don't mean to say you would?"

"Who wouldn't jump at the chance of playing Apollo to the fairest set of muses in the Quartier?" said Temple. "But after all, I had the refusal of the situation—I won't renounce ——"

"Bobby, you unman me," interrupted Vernon, putting down his cup; "you shall *not* renounce the altruistic pleasure which you promise to yourself in yielding this professorship to me. I accept it."

"I'm hanged if you do!" said Temple. "You proposed me yourself, and I'm elected—aren't I, Miss Voscoe?"

"That's so," said she; "but Mr. Vernon's president, too."

"I've long been struggling with the conviction that Temple and I were as brothers. Now I yield—Temple, to my arms!"

They embraced, elegantly, enthusiastically, almost as Frenchmen do; and the room applauded the faithful burlesque.

"What's come to me that I should play the goat like this?" Vernon asked himself, as he raised his head from Temple's broad shoulder. Then he met Betty's laughing eyes, and no longer regretted his assumption of that difficult rôle.

"It's settled, then. Tuesdays and Fridays, four to six," he said. "At last I am to be ——"

"The light of the harem," said Miss Voscoe.

"Can there be two lights?" asked Temple anxiously. "If not, consider the fraternal embrace withdrawn."

"No, you're *the* light, of course," said Betty. "Mr. Vernon's the ancient light. He's older than you are, isn't he?"

The roar of appreciation of her little joke surprised Betty and, a little, pleased her—till Miss Voscoe whispered under cover of it:

"*Ancient* light? Then he *was* the three-polite-word man?"

Betty explained her little jest.

"All the same," said the other, "it wasn't any old blank walls you were thinking about. I believe he is the one."

"It's a great thing to be able to believe anything," said Betty; and the talk broke up into duets. She found that Temple was speaking to her.

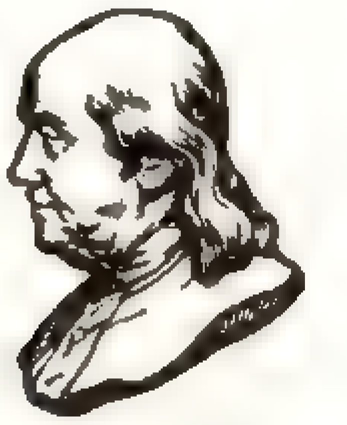
"I came here to-day because I wanted to meet you, Miss Desmond," he was saying. "I hope you don't think it's cheek of me to say it, but there's something about you that reminds me of the country at home."

"That's a very pretty speech," said Betty. He reminded her of the Café d'Harcourt, but she did not say so.

"You remind me of a garden," he went on, "but I don't like to see a garden without a hedge round it."

(Continued on Page 29)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Gold Bricks by the Ton

WE BELIEVE we are well within bounds in saying that the people of the United States, without regard to race, politics or religion, are moved by one deep, anxious, universal hope that Mr. Rogers, Mr. Heinze and associates, having agreed to make a vast copper combination, will proceed very slowly and carefully—not only giving the subject their own best, maturest thought, but taking and weighing the opinions of all who may have helpful suggestions—in the matter of forming the new consolidated concern.

We are an imaginative people. We have the poetic instinct. We yearn toward perfection. Moreover, we are thrifty. We should hate to see a superb, matchless, unprecedented opportunity of this kind wasted in any degree. The mind thrills and reels in thinking of what could be made out of a combination of Amalgamated Copper and Heinze if all the wonderful potentialities of such a combination were wrought out with proper care and intelligence. Even ignoring all outside contributors, including Mr. Lawson, of Boston, and taking only what Amalgamated has charged Heinze with and what Heinze has charged Amalgamated with, we see stretching before us, in fairly limitless opulence, a field that at once entices and staggers the imagination. To bunco Wall Street, to sell gold bricks by the ton, to corrupt the politics of an entire State, to own legislatures and courts, to dynamite your neighbor's mine and miners—such allegations are merely sample nuggets from the rich vein. Oh, we hope no possible bets will be overlooked in this consolidation! If it is not too late, we wish to suggest—albeit with the humble sense of a limited, inadequate vocabulary—that the new company be named The-Hell-Let-Loose.

Hencoop and Watchdog

SEVERAL years ago a famous business house which had been in existence for three generations went into bankruptcy—to the intense astonishment of the worthy gentlemen who had inherited it and were conducting it, they supposed, by the most approved methods. They had a committee for everything. Every committee met regularly, earnestly debated the matters before it and embodied its conclusions in neatly drafted reports to the directors. The directors, comprising all the diligent committeemen, held monthly conventions at which the committee reports were duly taken up, conscientiously considered, and voted upon by properly engrossed resolutions. And while the honest gentlemen were spending their time thus the real business of the house was going to pot. The receiver promptly discharged them all—to their everlasting bewilderment and grief.

Of late, several members of the New York Rapid Transit Commission have been expressing themselves in public. One seems to detect a note of honest surprise over some recent developments which suggest that the volatile metropolitan public is not disposed, as much as formerly, to intrust its transportation affairs to the wisdom of the Commission. This Rapid Transit Commission was created a good while ago. Its members, so far as we remember, have been, quite invariably, gentlemen of the highest probity. It is one of the public bodies that every one speaks of in terms of respect. Probably it never did a dishonest or indecorous thing or missed a committee meeting. Meanwhile, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Belmont and their industrious predecessors have thoughtfully loaded the public with a few hundred millions of watered traction securities which actually constitute a mortgage on the traveling public of Gotham for a generation to come. No blame attaches to the wardens, but the hencoop has certainly been looted in view of which the simple-minded, irreverent and illogical Bowery is scratching its head and wondering how it could have been worse off without so eminently good a commission.

This is merely by way of parable. There are other unimpeachably honest and diligent bodies that command the highest respect—but if one pauses to put the plump question, "Should we be any worse off without them?" the answer is rather confusing.

When Your Mare is Doped

YOU could, recently, have found many persons in the United States who had no time to think about railroad rate regulation, the New York traction merger, or the probable execution of Mr. Hoch, of Illinois; to whom the Panama Canal was a matter remote and inconsequential; who could not have guessed within a week when the White House wedding was to be. Something vastly more important engaged their attention—namely, the momentous question: "Was Lou Dillon doped?"

Lou Dillon is a crack trotting mare. Somebody said somebody else dishonorably introduced a foreign and deleterious subject into her system on the eve of a race. A crack trotting horse is of the same intrinsic importance to mankind as one of those costly toys that Sir Thomas Lipton brings over to sail in the yacht race. Yet a positively large number of generally harmless men live their lives around her. Nothing less than an earthquake would distract their attention from the alleged doping of Lou Dillon. It is important to keep this in mind, because it is so illustrative.

When a rotten bank failed a while ago, ruining some politicians, one of its officers said: "This is the end of the Republican party." His mare had been doped, and he thought it as important to everybody else as to him. The New York tax on stock transfers was denounced by brokers as a body blow at American finance. They thought so. Propose to raise saloon licenses, and the brewers, aghast, will assure you that you are ruining the business interests of the country. It really seems that way to them. Whoever looks over the surface of affairs will see strange, unexpected objects continually rising to view, like Venus from the sea, or, if you prefer, like alligators from the mud, being special interests which, having been touched in their abodes, bob up to proclaim a universal debacle. There are a few railroad men left who think a rate bill will be the beginning of our commercial downfall.

"The Lowest in the World"

THE Interstate Commerce Commission finds that the railways of this country last year, taken as a whole, earned 6.09 per cent. on their entire capital stock outstanding in public hands. There is some water in this stock. Moreover, in recent years railroad stocks to the amount of some hundreds of millions have been withdrawn from public hands and converted into bonds and other new securities on an inflated basis—for example, $108,000,000 Burlington stock converted into $216,000,000 four per cent. bonds; $75,000,000 Rock Island stock converted into $75,000,000 bonds and $137,000,000 new stock. Louisville and Nashville, Chicago and Eastern Illinois and other stocks have been put through a similar process. At this writing the average price of twenty-five leading railroad stocks is about forty dollars a share above the low mark of 1904.

These evidences of a considerable prosperity are in spite of the widely and industriously advertised allegation—recently used with good effect in the Senate debate on rate regulation—that railroad charges in the United States are the lowest in the world. The allegation is not well supported. The average rate per ton per mile is lower than in any other country. The biggest item in freight tonnage is soft coal, in which the railroads themselves are largely interested and which they haul at a very low rate. It has been said on high railroad authority that millions of pounds of beef product were hauled for the packers at rates below the cost of the service. These things go far toward making the low average rate per ton per mile. If the express, sleeping-car, mail and passenger services were included, as they should be to get an accurate measure, the comparison with European charges would look different. It has never been proven that the people of this country get their railroad service, in fact, cheaper than abroad.

The Liars' Premium

GOVERNOR FOLK proposes to abolish personal property taxes, for State purposes, in Missouri—which naturally leads one to suspect that the Governor is a bigger man anybody has given him credit for being. The attempt to tax personal property in the United States produces a mass of perjury that makes Ananias' performance look like the output of a country blacksmith shop in comparison with that of the Steel Trust. Also, here and there, incidentally, it produces a very little public revenue. Properly speaking, personal property is not taxed. The owners of it see to that. So Governor Folk's proposition is merely by way of making it unanimous—instead of almost so, as at present.

Experience has shown that personal property cannot be properly taxed; that the attempt to tax it results in a farce—except that it is ghastly instead of funny. Everybody knows it; but few men in politics have the real honesty to accept the logic of it. It is more popular to introduce foolish bills to "catch the millionaire tax dodger," as they are doing at Albany. No doubt, Governor Folk's proposal will be demagogically criticised as favoring the bloated bondholder and burdening the poor farmer and house-owner. From time to time experience inexorably demonstrates that there are certain things the Government cannot do—however admirable and beneficial those things might be theoretically. Very often they appeal to a popular sense of abstract justice. So it takes courage and high, genuine honesty for a man in politics to stand up and say, "We simply cannot do it: let's be sensible and stop trying." For twenty years or more the National and State Governments have been trying all sorts of legislative devices to stop the restriction of competition through combinations and mergers of railroad and industrial concerns. All such efforts have been even more futile than the attempt to tax personal property. The centralization has gone on steadily. It would be quite inspiring if Governor Folk or some other would now arise and say:

"Let us repeal our anti-trust laws, since experience has demonstrated their uselessness. The sensible thing is not to try to stop combinations, for we cannot do that; but to accept them and try to regulate them."

Heroic and Hungry Statesmen

ALTHOUGH there is much harrowing uncertainty as to what Congress will do in certain respects, we rejoice to see that the old, elemental, basic laws which govern that important body are still operating with unimpaired efficiency, so that one may yet proceed upon firm ground in forecasting results as to that considerable part of the field of Congressional action which falls within the lines of these ancient polities.

For example, the Senate has passed the ship subsidy bill. This is a measure to give public money to a special interest—namely, the ship-owners. It proposes to build up one more infant industry at the general expense: to plow, harrow and sow the ground for another prosperous trust. Any possible benefit to the public is exceeding remote, theoretical and problematical. There is no doubt, however, that it would be a good thing for ship-owners. Hence, by all rule and precedent, it should be an object of tender care at the hands of the Senate. This bill is the first piece of legislation worth mentioning that the Upper House has achieved at this session; and in noting its passage we renew a soothing feeling that, after all, the Senate can be quite thoroughly depended upon within certain known lines.

Coincidently, the House of Representatives made its first effective stand against a measure that came with the mark of Administrative approval. This measure proposed to abolish a goodly number of customs districts the expenses of which largely exceed their receipts and which exist solely for purposes of patronage. The House may meekly obey Leader Payne's potent voice in such incidental matters as passing a Statehood or Philippine Tariff bill; but when he commands it to abolish certain Government jobs that make splendid pap for hungry constituents, it heroically balks. There is no difficulty about telling what either chamber will do when the issues are thus clearly defined, and there is no popular clamor to confuse a statesman's judgment.

Ad Quos Haec Praeses

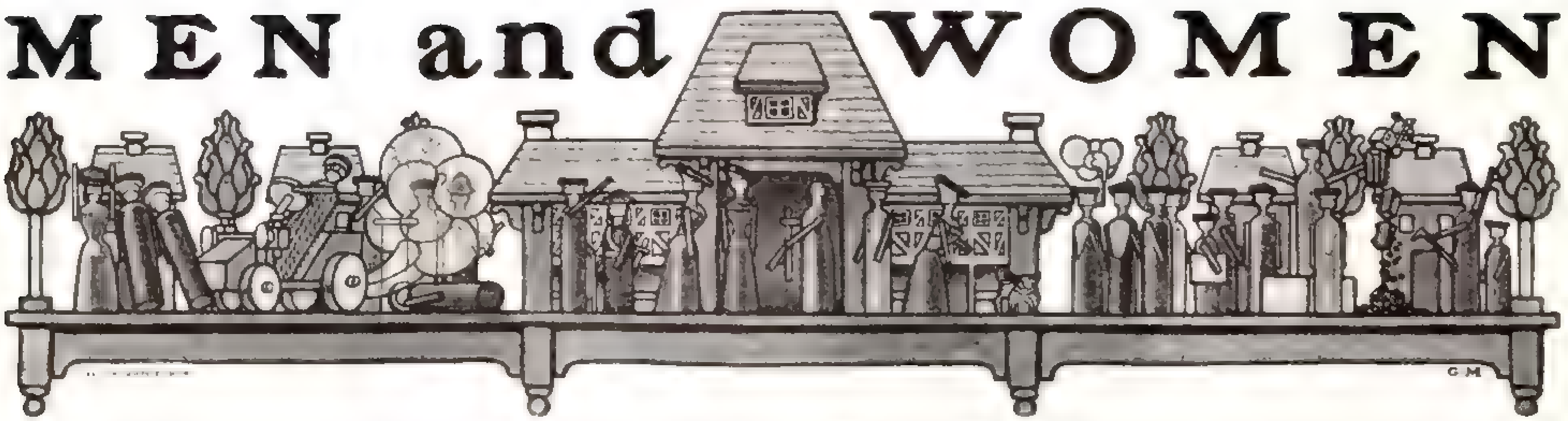
SUNDRY thousands of young men and young women will soon be investing in frames wherein to display a bit of parchment, elaborately engraved with Latin words. The purport of these words is that so-and-so, having passed such and such a number of years at this or that university, college, academy or high school, is entitled to the degree of whatever it may be.

The silliness of honorary degrees has been exposed time and again. But how about these degrees in course? What actual value have they? Who, except the possessors, ever think of them, unless to smile at them? And who would ever take at all seriously a young man or young woman who took his or her degree seriously?

A degree never proves anything to the possessor's advantage. And nowadays, when we look critically at even the solemn and accredited traditional fakes, the degree most often serves to give the lie and the laugh to the graduate and to his "institution of learning."

A man must speak for himself. A title of any kind is a farce.

MEN and WOMEN



Making a Protectionist

ROBERT J. WYNNE, former Postmaster-General and now Consul-General to London, was a newspaper correspondent for years in Washington. He had a great reputation as a tariff writer on the Protection side.

"It is curious how that came about," said Wynne. "I was not particularly interested in the tariff, but one night, when there was nothing to send to my paper, I sat down and began a dispatch by saying: 'Grover Cleveland's tariff policy cost the United States more than the Civil War—in money.'

"That looked pretty good to me, for my paper was ardently for Protection. So I set out to prove it, and I did prove it, I think, but I wrote acres of tariff stuff doing it."

Just What Taft Wanted

WILLIAM ELROY CURTIS, the author and traveler, was invited to deliver a lecture at Columbia University, in Missouri, on the Panama Canal.

Mr. Curtis accepted and began the preparation of the lecture. He decided to make it comprehensive and up to the minute. So he called on Theodore P. Shonts, the president of the Panama Canal Commission, and submitted a long list of questions to him, covering every important point about the canal. Mr. Shonts promised to get up the information and asked Curtis to call in a few days.

Curtis went back. Chairman Shonts looked rather sheepish. "I'm sorry, my dear friend," he began, "very sorry about that —— "

"What's the matter?" broke in Curtis. "Can't I have the information?"

"Well, you see—the fact is"—Shonts floundered—"I got up the information all right, but, of course, I had to take it to Secretary Taft, who is in charge of all canal work, and ask him about giving it out."

"Well?" asked Curtis.

"Well, he looked at it and said: 'By George, Shonts, that is the very thing I want! I am going to make a speech out in Missouri in a few days and I can use this to great advantage.'"

And he did use it in his speech at Kansas City.

The Communicative Barber

A TALKATIVE and self-important young court stenographer went with a detailed judge to one of the feud towns in the Kentucky mountains to do his part in holding a term of court.

It was a small place, far from a railroad, and the inhabitants were all feudists of one clan or another. After a day or two at the little hotel the stenographer said to the hotelkeeper: "Where's the barber shop?"

"Ain't no barber shop here," the boniface replied. "We all mostly lets our hair grow."

"But can't I get shaved anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon you kin. Uncle Joe down to the cobbler's shop sometimes shaves folks."

The stenographer went to Uncle Joe's and found the cobbler to be a mild-mannered old man, with flowing gray whiskers and a pale and beatific blue eye.

Uncle Joe said he could shave him, and he got out a razor and a shaving mug. The stenographer sat down on a chair and leaned back. He waited in some trepidation, but the old man was skillful and gave him a good shave.

It was necessary for the young man to talk, so, when the barber was on his throat he said: "Good many murders around here, ain't there?"

"Well, suh," the barber said, "we don't call them murders. Howsomever, there is some killin's, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, well," said the young man, "I suppose one name's as good as another. When was the last killing?"

"A man was shot out here in the square last week."

"Who shot him?"

The barber brought the razor up on the young man's Adam's apple. "I did," he said.

All in the Family

DR. JAMES B. ANGELL, the president of the University of Michigan, was invited to dinner at the Chinese Legation in Washington some years ago.

The doctor sat at the right hand of the minister. The floor of the dining-room was waxed and slippery and there were no rugs. He endeavored to move back his chair. It slipped and the dignified educator slid under the table.

He arose much confused, but not a Chinese said a word or gave any sign of having seen the accident. Ten minutes later his Chinese host tried to move back his chair and he, too, slid under the table. He got up and resumed his seat and none of the Chinese made a sign.

Then, at regular intervals, every Chinaman around the table slid out of his chair and under the table. The doctor thought they were making game of him and protested.

"My dear sir," said the host, "we are paying you the highest compliment we can. In order that you may not feel embarrassed over the accident we have each met with the same mishap; so we are all brothers together."

W. E. Chandler, Publicist

EX-SENATOR WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, who is now at the head of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, misses the opportunity he had in the Senate of discussing public questions, and writes frequently to the newspapers on important topics.

"What are you doing now, Chandler?" an old friend asked him the other day.

"Oh," Chandler replied, "I am a publicist."

"A publicist? What is a publicist?"

Chandler grinned. "A publicist," he said, "is a man who attends to everybody's business but his own."

The Stormy Petrel of the Senate

SENATOR CULBERSON, of Texas, has a most annoying way of getting up in debates and producing documents, sometimes forgotten, or extracts from speeches or messages to confound the other side.

His memory is marvelous and his collection of trouble-making memoranda is inexhaustible. Several times he has sent to the desk and had read forgotten sentiments of the President's that made the supporters of the particular policy then being defended look foolish.

President Roosevelt was talking about it. "The State of Texas," he said, "has one Senator and one detective in the Senate."

The Standard's Reason Why

A FRIEND asked H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, when the attacks on that corporation were bitterest:

"Henry, why don't you folks do something to answer all this stuff that is being printed about you?"

"Because," Rogers replied, "we never sweep off the snow until after it stops snowing."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, composes topical songs and sings them to his friends.

℄ President Roosevelt says Ambassador Jusserand, from France, is the best tennis player in the diplomatic corps.

℄ Charles Frohman, the great theatrical manager, will not have a picture taken and he generally refuses to let sketch artists get a glimpse at him.

He is short and fat, but only those who have seen him know how he really looks.

℄ "Don't worry about me," says Senator Platt, of New York, when friends pity him about his very shaky legs. "I have a brother up in New York State who has had legs like these for twenty years, and he's over eighty and doing business every day."

℄ Robert J. Wynne, now Consul-General at London, and formerly Postmaster-General, and Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy, were in line together at the New Year's reception at the White House.

"We have life jobs," said Wynne.

"I don't understand," replied Herbert.

"Why," said Wynne, "we are ex-Cabinet members."

℄ Gifford Pinchot, chief forester for the Government, and James Rudolph Garfield, head of the Division of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, are the two most persistent visitors at the White House. They run in to see the President almost any time. A doorkeeper kept tab on them for a month. Pinchot's score was highest. He called seventy-seven times, while Garfield had but sixty-three visits to his credit.

PLAYER FOLK

Charles Klein

The Age of an Actor

ACTORS are like women in one respect — they do not always welcome reminiscences with the date to them. Charles Klein tells a story of how David Warfield fell in with Frank Daniels at The Lambs. "The first time I ever saw you," said Warfield, "was when you were playing in The Jollities, on the Pacific coast. I was a boy, and had got my first job as an usher, and I —— " It is probable that Mr. Warfield was intending a compliment; but no one ever knew, for with a broad burlesque of rage Mr. Daniels fell upon him and grappled his collar. "It is a lie!" he cried, in dramatic accents. "A grizzled old veteran like you!" Laughing friends separated them. Mr. Daniels' hair, it may be remarked, is white. A woman is only as old as she looks, and an actor is as young as he acts. Those who have seen Mr. Daniels in Sergeant Brue will admit that he had a grievance.

"Am I, or Is It?"

IN PRIVATE life Annie Russell has a sense of humor as sly and charming as that she reveals upon the stage. One night Rupert Hughes was at a supper party with her, and, when the time came for cigars, lighted one of those weeds called Culebras, or serpents, which are braided in a bunch of three when they are green, and so appear twisted like a corkscrew. Miss Russell had never seen one before. Pointing slyly to it, she asked in her quiet manner:

"Am I, or is it?"

Mr. Hughes assured her that it was the cigar that was twisted.

Just then an extra was cried in the street. It was during the Spanish War, and Mr. Hughes, who is an ardent patriot and a member of the National Guard, ran out to buy the paper. When he came back, he held up to Miss Russell the staring headlines, which read: "Dewey Enters Manila Harbor and Sinks the Spanish Fleet."

The party were speechless. But Mr. Hughes said quietly to Miss Russell:

"Am I, or is it?"

Acting and the Family

IN ONE respect, at least, vaudeville is more moral than the so-called "legitimate." So great is the preference for family life on the minor stage that jugglers, dancers, acrobats and tumblers bill themselves as the Darnley Brothers, the Beryl Sisters or the Checkoff Family, though they may be no more nearly related than any other children of Adam. But no theatrical manager will put a husband and a wife in the same company except under protest.

The chief reason why Julia Marlowe was so long in making her way with the Broadway managers was that her co-star, Robert Tabor, was her husband. If the truth were known (as it probably never will be), one of the reasons why Charles Frohman parted with Annie Russell was that she married her leading man, Oswald Yorke. E. H. Sothern will probably never again act with Virginia Harned, though since their professional separation Mrs. Sothern has enjoyed very little success. Since Nat Goodwin parted

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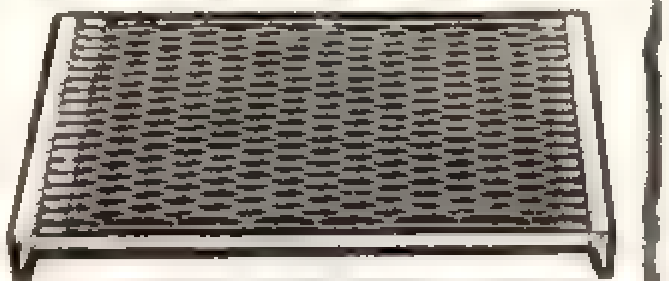
The Garvy Co., 75 Norton St., Chicago.

Makers of [illegible] Springs and Sanitary Steel [illegible]



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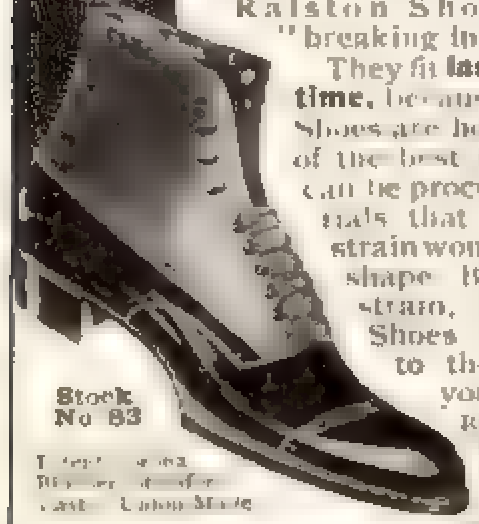

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I AM going to make a very plain, firm assertion:

Life insurance isn't designed to make money for *you;* but for your family.

It has been talked as an investment so long that its protection has been lost sight of entirely.

I want to interest the manhood that *wants* to see how surely the welfare of loved ones can be secured; who thinks more of that than of himself.

Candidly I think—in fact I *know,* and so do you if you dwell on it a moment—that the man who considers life insurance as something to speculate with, to buy according to the prospect it has of returning gain to *him,* doesn't know the real good there is in insurance. He won't know it until he considers his family first.

And I want men who have care-of-the-family on their minds to write direct to me, and tell me what they'd *like* to do and what they think they *can* do. Like-to-do and can-do aren't so far apart as you'd think. I'll write them back personally relative to a plan for protection of their families which they can start with and keep up with not a bit of inconvenience.

"The nobility of manhood is loving in life and providing in death."

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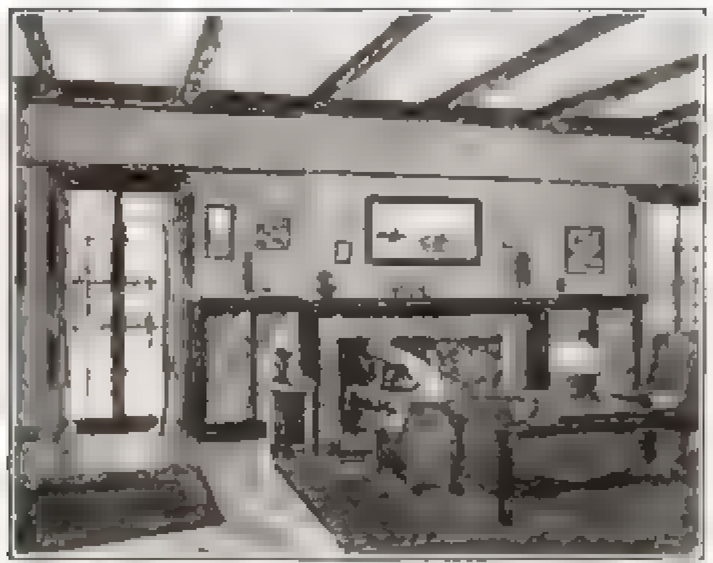

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company with Maxine Elliott he has had not one real success; but the two will probably not reunite on the stage.

The managers are firmly convinced that people do not want to have visible evidence that hero or heroine is already married, and that they object to seeing a man make love to a woman to whom he is already married. Perhaps they are right, for the public is much stronger in its worship of personalities than in its appreciation of abstract art. Yet in many cases the rule works real hardship. The English actress, Ellis Jefries, is in private life the wife of Herbert Sleath Skelton, an actor of rare intelligence and ability, who created a very favorable impression here in one of the most important rôles of The Squaw Man; and the two made it a condition of their agreement with their new American managers that they should have prominent parts in the same plays. In this year's piece, The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt, however, Mr. Skelton has the smallest of all the men's parts, though he is very well fitted to take one of the leading rôles, and might easily have been given it if he had been less fortunate in his private life.

Blighted Carnegies

TWO years ago, at the dinner of the Society of American Dramatists, the guest of honor was George Ade, then in the height of his phenomenal success. At the last dinner he was suffering from a defeat which had been as signal. In calling on him for a speech, Bronson Howard, the toastmaster, said: "Last year, George, we admired you. This year we love you, for we recognize that you are really one of us."

William A. Brady pointed out that the two guests of honor, sitting at the right and left of the toastmaster, were the heroes of the two great successes of the year, and confessed that he had turned them both down, and with each of them a fortune. In his boyhood, he said, when he was known as "Irish Bill" and kept a news-stand in San Francisco, one of his friends was Sheeny Dave, who did odd jobs about a neighboring theatre. Years later a battered-looking young man came into his Broadway office, and, making himself known as that same Dave Warfield, asked for a job. When put through his paces, he revealed a talent for character imitations, and Mr. Brady gave him a few minutes in a melodrama that was then playing in New Jersey. Later Warfield pleaded to be given a regular character part, but Mr. Brady refused, on the ground that acting was a very different thing from imitations.

The other guest, Robert Loraine, had brought Mr. Brady the book of Man and Superman, the acting-rights of which he had bought from Shaw for his entire pile, namely $500. Mr. Brady refused it on the score that it was far too long and prolix. Presently Mr. Loraine came back with the book cut down to the extent of the longest act, and otherwise prepared for acting. Mr. Brady read the play again, and again refused. It was very witty, he admitted, but too paradoxical to appeal to the public.

"I think I know something about acting and plays," he concluded, "but the thing I know best is that most of us make an awful lot of mistakes. If we didn't, we should all be Carnegies."

Long-Distance Criticism

MADAME BERNHARDT has long been known as her own most effective promoter of publicity; wherefore it is somewhat to be wondered at that she has neglected a recent opportunity of no small promise.

The play in which she made her American début twenty-five years ago was Scribe and Legouvé's Adrienne Lecouvreur, a piece which even then was a candidate for stuffing and mounting in the museum of the drama. On her present tour she is also playing Adrienne, and one of the oldest and most distinguished critics, whose connection with the theatre has frequently resulted in his staying away from it, wrote a long article in his country home, holding up the old Scribe play to ridicule, scene by scene, and vituperating Madame Bernhardt's acting in it. It so happens, however, that the present piece is an entire rewriting of the long familiar play, which omits the most objectionable features, and was made by no less a personage than Madame Bernhardt herself.

Perhaps this is a case where silence is golden. The theatrical world is agog over the matter, and the critic has since been conspicuous by his presence.

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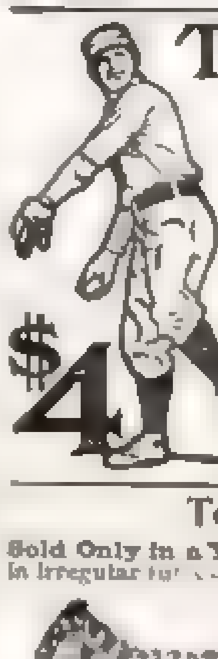

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ODDITIES & NOVELTIES

Of Every-Day Science

REFORM AMONG THE BACTERIA—OUR FRUIT AND VEGETABLES ARE PLENTIFULLY POPULATED WITH FLOATERS.

MORE important even than pure food is clean food. At all events, this idea is being urged at the present time, particularly by the women, who in New York State have formed an organization which has for its object the doing away with dirt in connection with things edible.

People, it would seem, are just waking up to a perception of the unpleasantnesses which are intimately associated with every-day food supplies. For example, it has not been realized until recently that there was any objection to exposing fruits, including even strawberries and raspberries, on street stands, where dust filled with all kinds of germs could be freely sprinkled upon them by the breezes. And it is only within a short time that the Board of Health in New York City has obliged venders of candy and cut fruits to cover their merchandise with glass.

Generally speaking, fruits are not washed before being eaten, because the process is supposed to injure their flavor. Hence it follows that the dirt which accumulates upon them while offered for sale is eventually transferred to the internal economy of the consumer. With vegetables it is much the same way. Some of the latter, such as lettuce, are sprinkled from time to time with water, to freshen them. And such water! The greengrocer finds that dirty water serves the purpose just as well as clean, and one might imagine that he preferred it.

Cakes are sold in the same way on open stands; and bread is sometimes put out to cool on the street, where it catches all the dust that may chance to be blowing about. Ice cream is frequently manufactured in cellars under most unclean conditions. But it is needless to multiply instances. Reform in such matters is urgently needed, and it is beginning to arrive. At the present time we are far behind Europe in our appreciation of the importance of clean food. People on the other side of the Atlantic are much more dainty in such ways than we, and, for one example, the meat and cake shops in German cities are lined with vitrified brick and tile—the idea being that everything shall be white, to show dirt, and washable, so that the dirt may be promptly removed.

CUPID AND THE TRAINED NURSE—WHY THE ANGEL OF MERCY DOESN'T HOLD HER JOB VERY LONG.

CAREFULLY-GATHERED statistics appear to show that the *marryingest* of all women are trained nurses. Though complete figures have not as yet been compiled, from a considerable mass of data the conclusion is drawn that nine out of ten trained nurses marry during the first seven years of their occupation as such.

It seems that the demand for trained nurses that are plain and middle-aged is slight; the market calls for youth and good looks. Thus it is observed that the average of beauty among young women thus employed is extraordinarily high—even allowing for the exceptional becomingness of the costume they wear.

When a pretty young woman speaks of devoting her life to the self-denying profession of a trained nurse, she is using, perhaps unconsciously, a mere figure of speech. Statistics show that she has an even chance to be married within four and a half years, and that she has one chance in eight of becoming the wife of a physician. The chances are five to one that within ten years she will marry one of her patients.

The importance of these figures, from the viewpoint of the sociologist, is obviously great. Pretty young women in steadily-increasing numbers are entering the field in question, in which there seems always to be plenty of room for fresh recruits, who are required to fill the places of those who get married and pass out of the profession forever. Thus, owing to the causes suggested, it is rare indeed to discover a trained nurse who has been in the business for as much as ten years.

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is the most efficient fire fighter made. Quick in action, strong, durable and absolutely sure. [illegible] **Patrol** [illegible] **Patrol** [illegible] Any member of the family can use it. Smothers fires that water cannot reach. **Patrol Extinguishers** are made of one solid sheet of copper, handsomely burnished, and every extinguisher is subjected to a [illegible] test before leaving the factory. To know just why the **Patrol** is superior to other extinguishers, write for free book "How to Fight Fire" No. 124

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immediately dries, forming a [illegible] "**New-Skin**" relieves Cuts, Abrasions, Hang Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

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When a bachelor patient is brought through an illness by a trained nurse, the chances are one in six that he will marry her. If he suffers from typhoid fever, and is not already engaged, the chances are two out of three that he will propose to her. This, in fact, has come actually to be recognized as a symptom of the disease, an offer being usually forthcoming at a certain stage of convalescence.

Looking her prettiest in her picturesque costume, and ministering constantly to his helplessness, the trained nurse has the bachelor patient at a serious disadvantage. She appears to him in woman's most attractive guise—that of a ministering angel. No wonder, then, that the sufferer is tempted to secure for himself the angel's exclusive ministrations. And, observing the extraordinary readiness with which trained nurses acquire husbands, it is certainly not surprising that so many young girls should be seized with an ambition to give up their lives to the good work.

WHAT O'CLOCK?—THE HOURS CAN NO LONGER CREEP, FOR THEY HAVE LOST THEIR HANDS.

THE newest thing in the way of a clock has neither hands nor dial. A good many timepieces of the kind are being sold, and, though doubtless valued chiefly as curiosities, they seem to be quite as accurate as ordinary clocks.

There is no reason, indeed, why they should not keep as good time as any clocks. The mechanism is simple enough, consisting of two cylinders, one above and one below, which slowly revolve. Sometimes, however, the cylinders are side by side. In any case, one cylinder tells the hour and the other indicates the minute.

Encircling each cylinder is a series of thin plates of celluloid, bearing numbers. For the minutes, of course, there are sixty such plates. As the cylinder revolves, a small steel spring, like a tiny finger, holds in position the plate which shows the number of the minute. The spring, as the minute passes, slowly retreats toward the edge of the plate, which, being released at the termination of the minute, flies over, exposing the number for the next minute.

So swiftly does the mechanism operate that one can hardly see the numbers change. It is quite like magic. Of course, the hours shift in the same fashion. But, when the even hour arrives, the minute cylinder shows a blank, and only one plate is displayed, bearing the words "11 o'clock," or the designation of whatever hour it may be.

CRUELTY TO TICKS—A CONSPIRACY TO EXTERMINATE THE ENTIRE RACE OF THESE LITTLE ENEMIES.

A GOOD many years have elapsed since it was discovered that the dreaded cattle disease known as Texas fever is caused by the bite of a tick. Since then a great deal of money has been spent in immunizing animals and in other precautions against the complaint, but it is now realized that the only way to get rid of it for good and all is to exterminate the guilty insect. This, it is thought, is entirely practicable, if proper measures are adopted.

One plan that has been found very effective is known as "rotation of pastures." Cattle, horses and mules are kept off of certain areas of land until the ticks, deprived of their customary food-supply, starve to death. Then, having destroyed the ticks on the animals by "dipping," the owners turn them into the tick-free pastures, and the trouble, barring the possibility of accidental re-infestation, is over.

By this method the ticks have been entirely exterminated in twelve counties of North Carolina, at a cost of only $15,000, and in no case has there been a re-infestation of land once freed from them. In one county where a detailed account was kept of the cost of eradication, the expense was found to be just about six dollars per farm. Certainly not a heavy figure.

If the plague of ticks can be done away with finally, there will no longer be any Texas fever. As a result, traffic in cattle between North and South will become free and unrestricted. There will be an increased demand for Northern-bred animals in the South, with a consequent improvement of Southern herds, and a great increase in the number of cattle raised. Incidentally, the production of beef and dairy products will be largely augmented.

But it is very hard on the ticks.

"It Winds Itself"

Here's a clock that you won't need to wind. It keeps accurate time, doesn't cost much, and we'll send it to you to prove, for thirty days, at our expense.

These clocks wind themselves every seven minutes, and they also strike the hours and half hours.

Then by means of a special electric "contact" which no other clock has, the National Self-Winding Clock is enabled to utilize the entire energy of a battery as no other clock has ever been able to do.

The battery in the National Self-Winding Clock will wind the clock for from one to two years; with renewed batteries this clock will last a lifetime.

And because of the frequent winding (every 7 minutes) an even strain or tension is kept on the spring of the National Self-Winding Clock.

Therefore the National Self-Winding Clock always keeps accurate time.

Unlike the eight-day hand-wound clock you have to bother about winding—for that clock's spring having more strain on it when just wound up than when it almost runs down—makes it keep the wrong time—makes a time liar out of it.

Now you can have accurate time in your house by securing a National Self-Winding Clock.

And we'll prove its accuracy to you at our expense if you'll allow us.

And here's all you have to do—

Simply fill out that coupon and mail it in to us to-day.

We'll send you, free of charge, our beautiful Clock Book filled with exact photographs of our Clocks—also our Complete Price-list and information about payment.

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If you fancy a particular Clock tell us and we'll send it to you.

And we won't ask you to sign any notes or make any contracts either.

You keep that Clock for 30 days just to prove it.

If it isn't as we represent, at the end of 30 days send it back.

We'll pay the charges without any grumbling.

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We're content to let our clock prove itself—we're the only people on the face of the earth who can and do sell clocks in that way.

That will give you an idea of the accuracy of the clock that winds itself, made by the National Self-Winding Clock Co.

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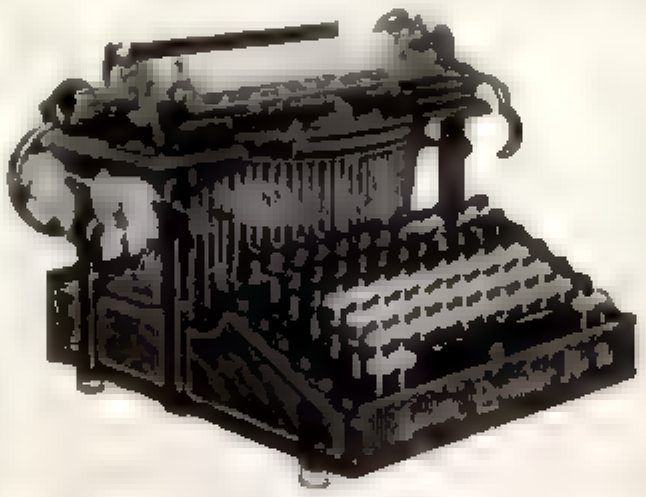

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

John Luther Long in a Midsummer Mood

The Letters of Mr. Long

IN THIS telegraphic age, the letter has become a lost art even to most literary men, and John Luther Long is one of the few contemporary writers of fiction whose letters are as good as their stories. Yet there is a modern note about Mr. Long's correspondence, too. He does not, it is true, call in a stenographer and dictate what messages he has to send to friends or publishers, but the letters are one and all typewritten. In fact, Mr. Long uses a pen only for the task of correction, even in the most serious moments of narrative composition. He sits in an armchair with a typewriting machine on his knees and thus produces all his "copy," whether correspondence or fiction. Nor is that the only peculiarity of the letters: they are written in a narrow column down one side of the page, the other two-thirds of which remain a virgin white. And at the bottom is the only line in ink: Mr. Long's signature in characters of an oddly -and appropriately—Japanese appearance.

For business purposes, however, Mr. Long has a signature thoroughly American.

A Fine Italian Hand

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS is the possessor—one cannot truthfully say the proud possessor—of a typically "literary hand." His writing, except to those to whom long familiarity has made clear its peculiarities, is, to all intents and purposes, indecipherable. It is so small as to be almost minute, and, when the writer is working rapidly, the letters are frequently so welded together as to make each word look like one enormous diphthong. Nevertheless, Mr. Phillips scorns a typewriter. (One speaks of the machine, not the operator.) He always has his stories and signed articles typed, of course, for the book or magazine publisher, but he believes that the only natural way to do literary composition is with a blunt, soft pencil on narrow pieces of pale yellow paper. And that is a little hard on the typist.

When Homer Nods

THE man of science is, in the very nature of things, an exacting critic of literature. Most of us have, as children, marveled at Defoe's feat when he has Robinson Crusoe, about to abandon the wreck, first take off all his clothes and then fill his pockets with biscuit; and those of us who, at a later day, read Trollope have wondered in what manner that delightful novelist would have explained how his Andy Scott could ever have been "coming whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." But your scientific man goes further. Said one recently:

"Shakespeare was anything but as learned as his admirers would have us believe. He gives a coast-line to Bohemia; makes a clock strike in ancient Rome; puts a billiard table in Cleopatra's palace; talks of cannon in the reign of King John, and has

Pantasote Leather.

Which way does it go

In either direction! Yes, in every direction, reaching out like Pantasote to all parts of the world.

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Your trousers [illegible] pockets [illegible] *in the back* [illegible] how you try. You should wear the [illegible] "NUFANGL" [illegible] —it's as hard to make *them* look bad as to make [illegible]

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trousers have the [illegible] perfect [illegible]ment—the waistband is divided by openings [illegible] the end of one part passing *over* the other, so that in taking up, or letting out, the fit is not disturbed, and wrinkling becomes *impossible.* "NUFANGL" trousers are not only perfect in adjustment, but also *best* in other ways—material, style, finish, are all that the best dresser [illegible] require. Leading Clothiers have them in seasonable weights and weaves [illegible] at the same price as other makes. If your clothier does not have them, we can tell you of one who has.

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Here Is the Second

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You see there is nothing weird about selling a 10c cigar for 5½c, provided it is sold direct from the factory.

It is the new way, the economical way of distribution—cutting out unnecessary handling. It means that you get in on the ground floor. It means "air castles in Spain" instead of a nightmare in Pittsburg.

We want to convince you that we can "make good *at our own risk.*"

Read our proposal, please

[illegible]

Smoke ten of the cigars and then within ten days simply remit the price, $5.60, or return the remaining ninety cigars at our expense.

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We are not a mere mail order house. We are manufacturers. [illegible] Dun's or Bradstreet.

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Actual size, Roberts Clear Havana Smoker

In hot weather all tight-fitting under-wear is sticky and [illegible]

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Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers and be **cool** and **comfortable.** Accept no imitation. If your retailer cannot supply you with **B.V.D.** underwear (identified **B.V.D.** by Red Woven Label), mail us your chest and waist measurements with $1.00 and we will send you an undershirt (No. 76 N) and a pair of drawers (No. 15 K), all charges prepaid.

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Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Janesville, Wis. (Est. 34 years.)

printing invented far ahead of time. Did you ever hear of a person being smothered, regaining consciousness, talking and then dying of that same old smothering? I never did—in real life. And out of it Desdemona is the only case on record. That's almost as bad as the way Zola, in Lourdes, has the "deaf and dumb" regain "their hearing and sight," or as the way in which Thackeray—who was also forever confusing the names of his characters—buries Lady Kew in one part of The Newcomes and calmly brings her to life in another.

"It's even worse with the moon. Rider Haggard—I think it's in King Solomon's Mines—eclipses it when it's new; Coleridge puts a star between the crescent horns as it rises in the east, and Wilkie Collins, if you please, just has it rise in the west to suit his own fancy."

"To What Base Uses——!"

THERE are all sorts of ways of offering your manuscript to a publisher. One of them is this from a letter received in a New York office the other day:

> *Dear Sir:*
> If this is any use to you, why any use you use it for will be all right, and I can use whatever you're used to giving for whatever you use
> Yours truly,
> ULYSSES HUSTON.

The letter, at all events, was not useless.

With China's Empress Dowager

SOME years ago there was, on the sky-line of an exhibition at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia a picture which many visitors thought deserved a better place. It was called, as nearly as one can remember, The Model, and was an unambitious study, but so faithful, so discerning and so full of "quality" that most of those who saw it at once "looked it up in the catalogue"—and there found that it was the work of Kate A. Carl. A twelvemonth or more later an obscure Associated Press dispatch announced that the American Minister had presented Miss Kate A. Carl at the Imperial Court of China. Next came the statement that Miss Carl was to paint a portrait of the Empress Dowager. And now it appears that four portraits were painted by the American artist who spent eleven months in the Imperial Palace. A book, of course, has been the result. It is called With the Empress Dowager, and the title-page names Katherine A. Carl as the author. But Katherine A. Carl, say the artists, is the Kate A. Carl of three short years ago.

Pshaw!

THE late Henry Harland was one of the earliest admirers of Bernard Shaw, and, by the same token, one of the first to see just how far Shaw was to be taken seriously. Years ago, when some one asked Harland whether he believed in the dramatist's sincerity, the American replied:

"My friend, the man's Irish, and I am convinced that there really should be an *O'* before his name."

In the Bookshop

¶ GEORGE EDWARD WOODBURY, the critic, is making a tour of the Mediterranean, and Louis How, author of The Penitentes, is passing the winter in Tunis.

¶ CLEMENT SHORTER, the English editor and critic, has reasserted the Hebraic ancestry of Bret Harte, who, he says, was the son of a Jewish father and a Christian mother. Mr. Shorter's authority is the novelist's daughter, Miss Ethel Bret Harte, for whom a fund was, not long ago, raised in London.

¶ EVER and anon there still raises its puzzling head that ancient question: Which results in the better work: the slow and painstaking writing, or that "dashed off" in the white heat of what our grandfathers called "inspiration"? Stevenson, it appears, employed now one method and now another, but, in the biographical edition of his works, his wife assures us that the sixty thousand words of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were written in six days when the author was suffering from constant hemorrhages.

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A good clothier near you sells them; they're perfection in clothes. Send six cents for a copy of the Style Book.

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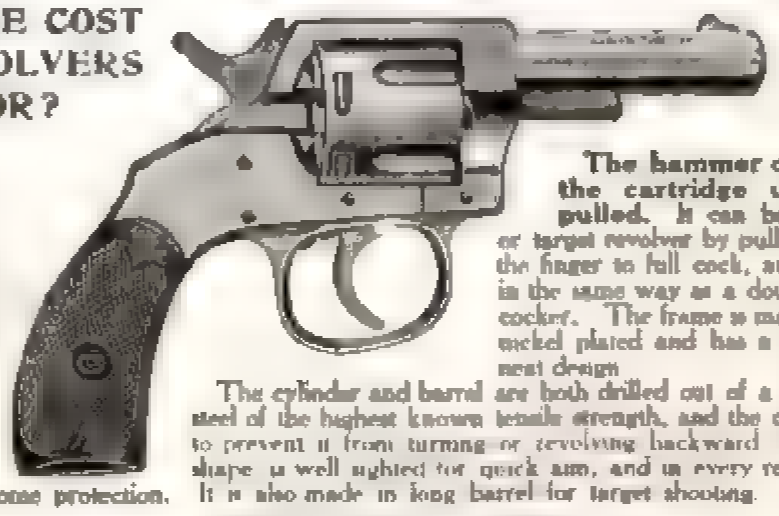

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The hammer cannot touch or reach the cartridge unless the trigger is pulled. It can be used as a single action or target revolver by pulling the hammer back with the finger to full cock, and then pulling the trigger in the same way as a double action revolver or self cocker. The frame is made of solid steel beautifully nickel plated and has a rubber stock or handle of neat design.

The cylinder and barrel are both drilled out of a solid piece of drop forged steel of the highest known tensile strength, and the cylinder has a safety device to prevent it from turning or revolving backward. The barrel is octagon in shape, is well sighted for quick aim, and in every respect a thoroughly reliable revolver for pocket or home protection. It is also made in long barrel for target shooting.

DESCRIPTION OF SIZES:

22 and 32 calibre for Rim Fire Cartridge.
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Regular length of barrel 2½ inches, price $2.50
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Agents Wanted

The "Matchless" POCKET CIGAR LIGHTER

THE SMOKER'S DELIGHT
The most practical and serviceable cigar lighter ever invented
Throw Away Your Matches

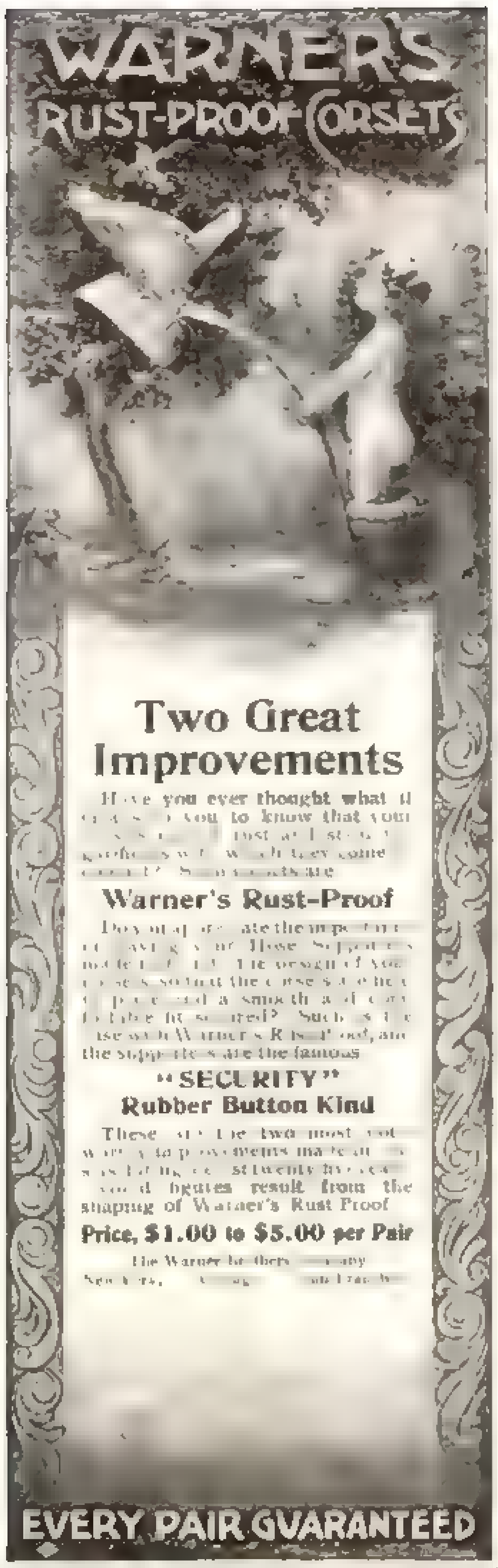
The "MATCHLESS" lights instantly upon exposure to the air, by simply removing cover [illegible]

The "MATCHLESS" Pocket Cigar Lighter is absolutely safe and reliable [illegible] conveniently carried in vest pocket [illegible]

[illegible]
50c. Sent postpaid on receipt of stamps or money order

S. H. SCHIFF & CO., Dept. P, 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

½ size.



Two Great Improvements

Have you ever thought what it [illegible] to know that your [illegible] rust and [illegible] with which they come [illegible]? [illegible]

Warner's Rust-Proof

Do you [illegible] the [illegible] of having your Hose Supporters [illegible] the design of your corsets so that the corset [illegible] smooth and [illegible] fit secured? Such is the case with Warner's Rust-Proof, and the supporters are the famous

"SECURITY" Rubber Button Kind

These are the two most [illegible] improvements made [illegible] twenty-five years [illegible] figures result from the shaping of Warner's Rust Proof

Price, $1.00 to $5.00 per Pair

The Warner Brothers Company
New York, Chicago, San Francisco

$1.00 Yale
Stem Winding
Stem Setting
10 Days
Pocket Test

Address a postal to New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn. (capital $1,000,000.00), and say, "I want a Dollar Yale for 10 days trial."

We will place in your hands about $[illegible] worth of watch by ordinary standards, for we promise to [illegible] stem winding, stem setting watch fully guaranteed by the New Haven Clock Co. (capital $1,000,000.00), printed guarantee in back of [illegible].

Now, the ordinary Dollar watch is [illegible] get at without [illegible] of the case.

[illegible] Dollar Yale is [illegible] you [illegible] Just put the Dollar Yale in your pocket and wear it [illegible]. After 10 days return the watch and get your [illegible] if any way unsatisfactory.

We [illegible] this agreement with you and all our [illegible] capital of $[illegible] stands back of this agreement. You risk nothing — no questions asked if you return the watch — just your dollar back — that's all. Write to-day.

New Haven Clock Company
141 Hamilton Street New Haven, Conn.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue. Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St., Chicago

SHOP TALK

Collecting an Overdue Account

LAST summer the firm that employs me had an account due from a man who was known to be in Springfield, Massachusetts. He had given his address as "General Delivery," and letters addressed to him requesting a more definite address were not answered. They sent me to Springfield to find out where he was living and to collect the account, if possible.

When I arrived in town I went to the post-office and asked the clerk if he could tell me where our delinquent had ordered his letters forwarded, for we knew that he must have left some such order, because our letters had apparently reached him. The clerk informed me that it was against the rules of the postal service to give any information whatever about any one's mail matter and he could tell me nothing. I went to the postmaster with the same result. I had to think of some way of locating him, so I bought an envelope, inclosed some pieces of newspaper in it, stamped it special delivery and addressed it to our man, care General Delivery, and then went around to the rear entrance of the post-office and waited. Very soon a special delivery messenger, whom I recognized by his uniform, came out. I followed, saw him go to a house and deliver my letter. I was right at his heels when he handed the letter in and got a good look at it, so I knew that it was mine and that I had at last found our man. I wired the firm and they told me how to proceed. —*H. B. R*

Bond Salesmen

IT IS a fact not generally known that Wall Street banking houses employ salesmen who travel over the country selling bonds very much as drummers sell tea or coffee. Some of the largest banking houses employ from twenty to thirty salesmen, and altogether more than three hundred are employed in Wall Street. Another three hundred are employed by Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis bond houses. These six hundred salesmen sell from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 of bonds every year.

Jay Cooke was the pioneer in the employment of salesmen to dispose of huge security issues to private investors. This is considered by many financiers his most notable achievement. In 1863 the Civil War was at its height and the credit of the United States Government was at its lowest ebb. Among European bankers the opinion was very generally held that the Southern Confederacy would gain its independence, and few of them were willing to subscribe to any new bond issues. Wall Street bankers had grown timid and openly expressed the opinion that financial conditions were too disturbed and the market too uncertain to admit of the successful flotation of a large Government loan. If the war was to be continued, however, it was imperative that a new loan should be floated at once. In its dilemma the United States Government appealed to Jay Cooke. He expressed the belief that the people of the country were rich, and that if they were appealed to directly the $500,000,000 of bonds could easily be disposed of, and he agreed to undertake the task. His proposition to place large advertisements in the newspapers and magazines, and to send out salesmen on the road, like book-agents, to sell bonds and collect subscriptions, was at first scoffed at by Wall Street; but the salesmen were engaged and in two months there was hardly a household in the flourishing interior towns which had not had set forth to it the motives, financial and patriotic, for investing the money lying idle in bank or hoarded in a six per cent. Government bond at par. The manner in which the loan was successfully floated, and how the proceeds of the loan carried the war to a successful conclusion, is now a part of history.

Jay Cooke's successful flotation of the various Government loans was a veritable revelation to Wall Street, and the most enterprising banking houses quickly began adopting his methods. At the present time fully one-half of the bonds underwritten and sold by Wall Street banking houses are disposed of by salesmen directly to private

The Knabe-Angelus

A COMPETENT critic declared that this player-piano "presents an irresistible strength and is an attraction which must appeal to the public as no other existing combination can."

He did not overstate the fact, and how could he, for this instrument is the combined product of the two companies — Wm. Knabe & Company and The Wilcox & White Company — occupying the foremost positions in the manufacture of pianos and piano-playing devices.

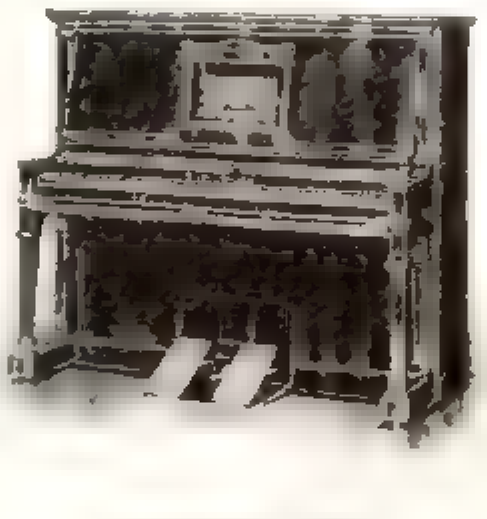
The touch and incomparable tone of the Knabe Piano are not impaired by installing the ANGELUS entirely within the piano case, so the instrument is perfectly satisfactory to the trained musician of the highest artistic standard and is a never failing source of delight and entertainment to everyone who plays it by means of the ANGELUS.

For ten years the ANGELUS has been constantly developed by its inventive originators to its present point of superiority. It possesses peculiar and original mechanical advantages such as the wonderful melody buttons and the famous phrasing lever and the diaphragm pneumatics producing the human touch. These give the performer the means to produce truly artistic music and obtain effects not possible with any other piano player.

The case of the KNABE-ANGELUS is of elegant design and beautiful finish and is made of most carefully selected veneers of choicest figure.

Write for handsome booklet and name of our nearest local agency

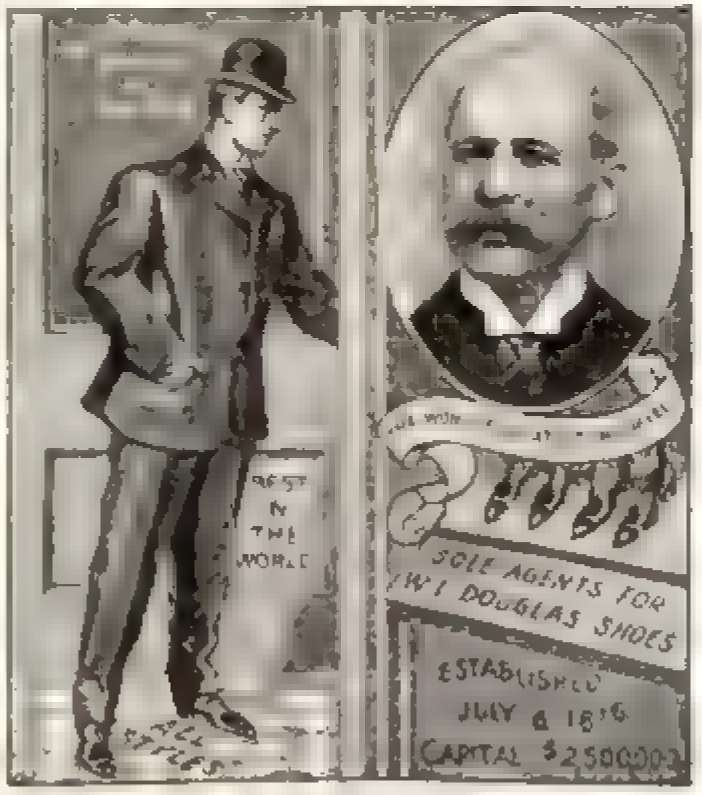
The Knabe-Angelus
Ready to be played by hand.



The Knabe-Angelus
Ready to be played by ANGELUS Roll.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY
Established 1876
MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

W. L. Douglas
$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and [illegible] on bottom. *Fast Color Eyelets used, they will not wear brassy.* Write for Illustrated Catalog

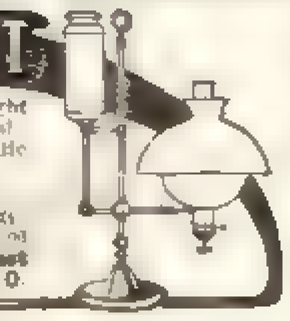
W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 7, Brockton, Mass.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The only 100 Candle Power Light that burns its own gas and gives absolute satisfaction during a long life of [illegible]

No Grease Smoke Dirt or Odor

Brighter [illegible] less, cheaper than kerosene. [illegible] styles. Every lamp warranted. The Best Light Co., 5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



Stall's Books

All people, sooner or later in life, are bound to know the truth about themselves and the sexes. It is human nature. The greatest duty of parents is to understand these vitally important truths themselves and to make their children understand them — *in the right way*

To tell these truths in an intelligent and straightforward manner, Stall's Books have been written

The 8 Books in this series are:

Four Books to Men	Four Books to Women
By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.	By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D.
What a Young Boy Ought to Know	What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know	What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know	What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know	What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

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investors. As a class, bond salesmen are probably the highest-paid salesmen in the world. Few of them make less than $5000 a year, many making from $10,000 to $15,000, and a number drawing salaries of two and three times that amount.

Wall Street banking houses use the greatest care in selecting bond salesmen, and no young man whose character and antecedents are not perfectly clean could possibly secure one of these prize positions. Usually, banking houses prefer taking young men who are fresh from college and who have no business training whatever. They are generally kept in the office about a year, learning the details of the bond business, during which time they draw a salary not much larger than that paid the office boys, and are then given a certain territory and started out as salesmen. Their salary thereafter depends wholly upon their ability. The opportunity for advancement is practically unlimited. The head of one of the largest banking houses in Wall Street, whose wealth is estimated at $15,000,000, started as a bond salesman at a few dollars a week twelve years ago.

How I Lost My First Job

WHILE the world was yet so new to me that my eye had no cast of suspicion in looking on it, I was given employment at a portable sawmill. My duty was to pump water into a barrel which fed the boiler.

During the first day I began to think. During the second day I explained my plans to the "boss." On the third day we began to work on them as our spare moments permitted, and by noon of the fourth day my little world was a realization: a long pole pivoted in the centre to a post, with one end connected by an arm to a crank on the end of the shaft that drove the sawdust drag, the other end being connected to the suction-rod of the pump.

It worked to perfection, and it was my own child. No great engineer was ever so proud of his achievements. I spent all afternoon strutting about with an oil-can in my hand and my little heart expanding with the ecstasy of watching that rude piece of machinery work. Would six o'clock never come? Then I could run home and tell my mother of my wonderful creation, and what a jolly time I should have all vacation, just watching it make money for me!

At six o'clock the "boss" came to me and said: "Billy, our contrivance seems to work all right. I'll not need you any longer."

Sudden death would have been more merciful.

I demanded my wages.

"No," he said. "I never give money to children. I'll pay your father."

My poor father's life was only spared thirty-eight years after I was discharged, consequently, the "boss" still owes me the bill.

Since then I have put in several labor-saving devices that worked well, but it was only my first that ever kicked me out of my job. —*W. H. G.*

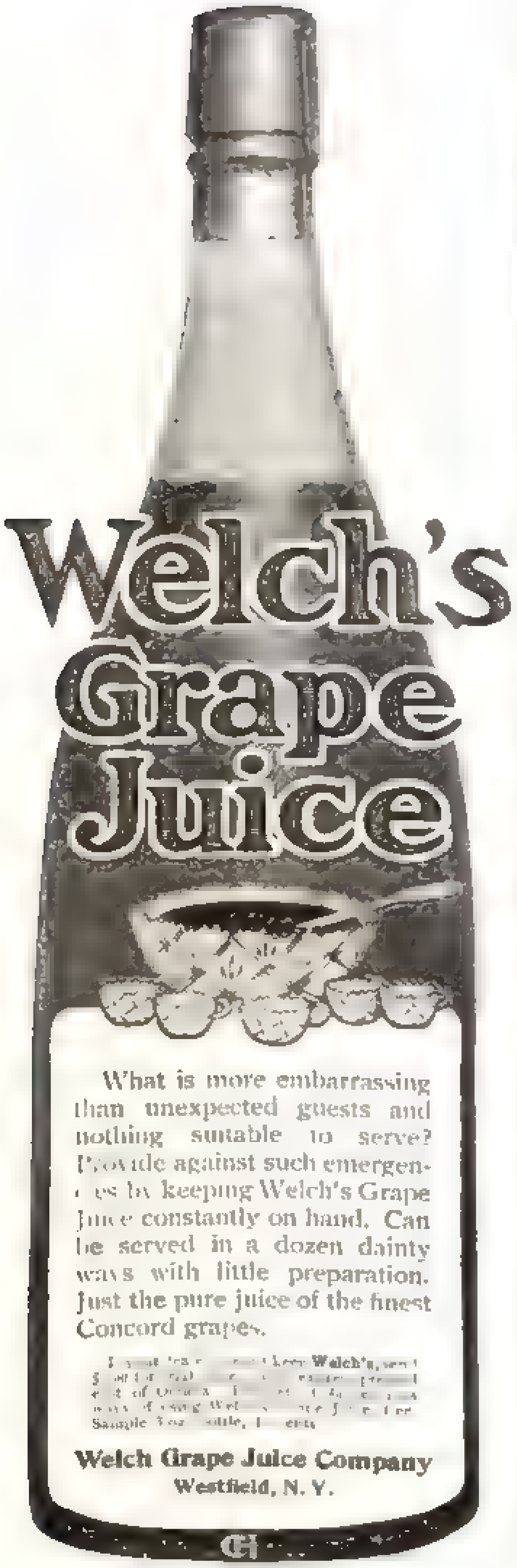
How to Help Yourself

SOME time ago the head of a large wholesale shoe business was in need of an advertising manager. If he had followed the usual practice he would have gone outside the house and hired a professional "ad. manager." But he had a notion that the man who knew enough about salesmanship and about his special goods to sell them on the road could "make sentiment" for those same goods by the use of printers' ink. Therefore he put one of his crack salesmen into the position and now pays him $6000 a year. And the man has "made good" in great shape.

Nor does this merchant stop with promoting men from the ranks of his organization. If a salesman in his house makes a good showing, he fastens him to the firm still tighter by selling to him shares of good dividend-paying stock.

He knows one thing that too few men in business do know: That a man can best help himself by helping others!

—B. V. S.



What is more embarrassing than unexpected guests and nothing suitable to serve? Provide against such emergencies by keeping Welch's Grape Juice constantly on hand. Can be served in a dozen dainty ways with little preparation. Just the pure juice of the finest Concord grapes.

[illegible] Welch's, send [illegible] Sample [illegible] bottle, [illegible] cents

Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

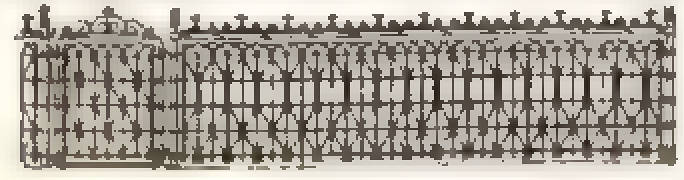
For chops, steaks, cutlets, etc., add to the gravy one or two tablespoonsful of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

before pouring it over the meat.

[illegible] Sole Agts. N. Y.



Lawn Fence cheaper than wood. For lawns, churches, cemeteries; also heavy steel picket fence, direct to consumer. Catalogue free.
WARD FENCE CO., Box 90, Portland, Ind.

"The Lean Meat of Wheat."

By "*THE MILLER.*"

"NOW Children — and [illegible] — I want to tell you something about 'Gluten.'

"That's a [illegible] which grows in Wheat. It is [illegible] starchy, [illegible] it makes for you when you eat it.

"The Doctors call Gluten 'the Lean Meat of Wheat.'

"Because it's such a working fine Muscle Maker that it works like lean Meat.

"Well, the way to find this Gluten Gum is to take a handful of Flour and make it into a thick dough.

"Then hold it under a tap of running water, then work it till all the starch is gone, and only a small bit of grayish gum remains which is so transparent that you can almost see through it.

• • •

"That's Gluten then?

"It is what makes bread 'raise' and get 'light' well baked, and full of holes.

"Because the Gluten Gum in dough, for Bread, gets air worked into it in kneading.

"Then this air turns into a Gas, while the Bread-dough is setting, or fermenting.

"That Gas, or Air, then swells up the Gluten Gum into bubbles, that as you've seen soap bubbles made.

"Because Gluten is [illegible] and airtight, like the walls of a Soap-bubble.

"So the Gluten bubbles form in the Bread-dough and when you bake the dough the walls of these empty bubbles stay 'put' just like a clay marble baked with a hole in it.

"It's the Gluten in Bread that takes up and holds, 40 per cent. of water—the baker's profit.

"Now this Gluten is the richest and most valuable part of wheat, next to the Germ or Heart of Wheat.

"It is worth about ten times what the Starch in Wheat is worth.

"Because the bulk of Wheat,—which is Starch, makes only Heat and Energy for you, when you eat it. But the Gluten makes Muscle, Bone and Tissue. [illegible] the Germ of Wheat makes Nerve and Brain work.

"[illegible] Wheat has only 7 pounds of this splendid Builder—Gluten, in every 60 pound bushel of it.

"And, some better Wheat has 16 pounds of Gluten in every 60 pounds.

"Now you see what a difference in Food value there is between the different kinds of Wheat—don't you?

"Some Wheat is worth more than twice as much as other Wheat, in Muscle-making and Bone [illegible].

"And all White Flour has taken out of it, in the milling, [illegible] of its Muscle-building Gluten and [illegible] its Brain-feeding Germ.

"That's why you need Ralston Health Food so badly [illegible] your [illegible].

"Because Ralston Health Food contains [illegible] of the Muscle-building Gluten, and [illegible] of the Wheat-germ that feeds your Nerves and Brain [illegible].

• • •

"It's [illegible] the [illegible] of Wheat that makes children grow like Rushes, and [illegible] good Heads for Thinking on their shoulders.

"Then, Ralston Health Food is made from Wheat which has the most Gluten in it; and which provides the material for strong Muscle and [illegible] out of.

"I tell you, Boys and Girls, and Grown-ups—if you only knew what I know about Ralston Health Food and the wonders it has worked for People, you wouldn't be long without it.

"A 15 cent package [illegible] into 14 pounds of delicious Nerve-feeding and Muscle-making Cereal, when cooked.

"Consider that—5 dishes for a single Cent. "Practically all Grocers sell it."

Made by the Ralston Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo., Portland, Ore., and Tillsonburg, Ont., Can.

RALSTON
HEALTH
FOOD

SUIT To Your Measure **$12.50**

NEW YORK CITY sets the styles for the country.

SEND us your name and we'll send you **FREE** our handsome instructive Spring Style Book illustrating

CLEVER NEW YORK FASHIONS

We'll also send samples of cloth, our simple home measurement chart and outfit for taking your own measurements. We've tailored for **Well Dressed New Yorkers** for many seasons and their continued patronage is proof of our smart styling and expert workmanship. *Write for our Style Book to-day.*

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Dept. C, 729-731 Broadway, City of New York

References by permission: *Citizens' Central National Bank* [illegible] *Chase National Bank, New York*

CHOCOLATES
By Mail Exclusively

2lb BOX for $1

A name [illegible] for the purest and most [illegible] chocolate [illegible] from the cooling rooms to you—by mail only and only from "Mellinger."

One taste will [illegible] its delightful sense of [illegible] tempting [illegible] every day.

[illegible] box $1 [illegible] 55 cents. [illegible] These chocolates are made fresh, selected and shipped the same day your order is received.

MELLINGER, 108 Sixth Avenue, New York City

Notice to Investors

Assets $1,750,000
Established 13 Years

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN Co.
5% PER ANNUM

IN reply to inquiries regarding our company [illegible] persons desiring to open a savings account with us, [illegible] Merchants, Manufacturers, [illegible] Physicians and Professional Men in all parts of the country have written to intending investors their experiences with us. These letters [illegible] and we have been permitted to publish [illegible] booklet which we will send upon request. They should [illegible] reliability and of the advantages [illegible] we pay 5% per year. Earnings reckoned for every day [illegible] when withdrawn. Under New York Banking Department supervision. *Write for booklet and full information.*

Industrial Savings & Loan Co., 1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

How to Get to Sleep

(Concluded from Page 5)

There is too much late eating and drinking. Fashionable people, after the play, go to a restaurant and indulge in a hearty and generally indigestible—supper. At some balls nowadays there are two suppers, one early and one late. Naturally, as a result of such abuse, the digestive functions are upset, the nervous system is forced into an unwholesome activity, and sleep is made difficult.

At the midnight hour the cafés of a big city are full of gay people eating lobsters and salads, and washing them down with champagne and burgundy. Many of them will not be able to sleep without a dose of brandy before going to bed. The next morning they wake up with an inactive liver, a feeling of lassitude, and a great desire for a cocktail as a "bracer." Nature will not endure such abuse beyond a certain point, and these people, who have such a good time while it lasts, drift after a few years into asylums and sanitariums.

During slumber nothing is asleep except the brain, and certain elements of that organ appear still to remain awake even in such circumstances. Marie de Manaceine, a writer of high reputation on this subject, speaks of the fact that a sleeper will change his position whenever he happens to be uncomfortable, and, without waking, will assume an easier posture. He will brush a fly off his face, or draw up the bedclothes which have left his person partly exposed. These are rational acts. It is an old story that soldiers frequently sleep while on the march, and dangerous feats are sometimes performed by somnambulists.

Not only does the body remain awake during sleep, but it is beyond question that the brain-centres connected with seeing, hearing, smelling and tasting retain their activities, to a considerable extent at all events—else how, in dreams, should we have visual and other sensory impressions? What is it, then, that sleeps in the brain? The spinal cord and nerves are awake, and parts at least of the mind organ are alert. Where are we to suppose that the "sleeper" is located?

This is one of the most interesting questions in all the domain of psychology. Some day, in all likelihood, we shall know a great deal more about such things than we do today. Science is making a special study of the phenomena of sleep, and, for one point, it is said to have been ascertained, as a result of recent experiments, that the deepest slumber is reached about an hour and a quarter after one falls into unconsciousness, and that it diminishes in soundness gradually from this time on.

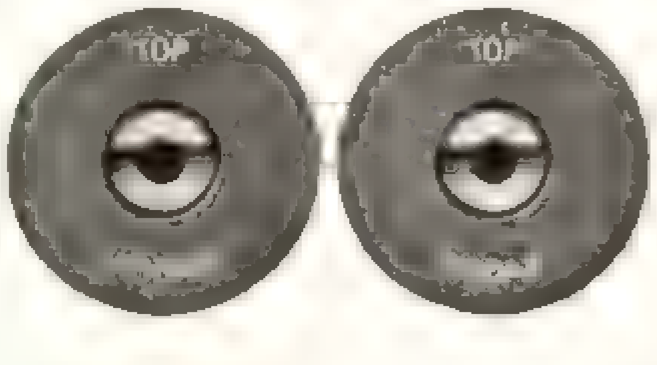
Youth Talks in Its Sleep

When one sleeps, the heart slows down and beats more feebly. The skin, on the other hand, acts more energetically, throwing off impurities—which is the reason why the air in bedrooms becomes foul more rapidly than that of living-rooms. Young people talk more during sleep than do their elders. A study of two hundred college students of both sexes, not long ago, showed that forty per cent. of them were more or less addicted to talking in their sleep.

But the most important phenomenon connected with sleep is the outflow of blood from the brain, which seems to be not only an incident of slumber, but actually, in a certain sense, the cause of it. If we were able to examine the mind organ of a human being under such conditions—as has been done in the case of a dog, by removing a piece of the skull and replacing it with a watch-glass—we should see it grow pale and diminish in volume as slumber fell upon the person under observation.

Such being the case, it is evident that, in trying to cure insomnia, our efforts should be directed to getting rid, by one means or another, of the tendency to congestion of the brain, which, whatever the cause of it, is usually the real mischief. Drugs may serve for a while as palliatives, but their good effects are only temporary, and in the long run they are harmful and even dangerous. For which reason we should look to Nature for a cure, confident that, if one remedy does not serve, another will prove successful. Of such natural remedies there are a good many, and in these few remarks I have endeavored to suggest some which afford a choice of methods whereby sufferers may hopefully and safely seek the blessed boon of peaceful and refreshing sleep.

LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END



The picture depends on the film, far more than on lens or on camera.

"KODAK" FILM

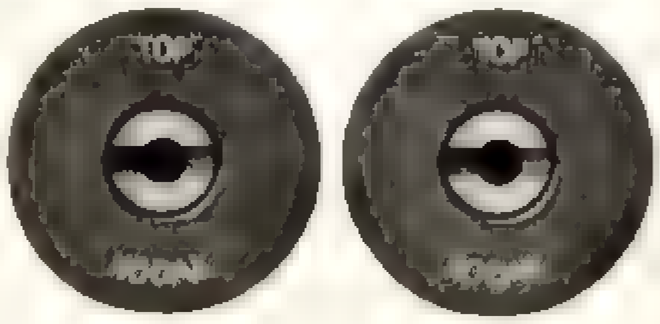
has 20 years of experience behind it—it is *not* in the experimental stage.

Make sure that you get the genuine Kodak Film by examining the spool end.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

[illegible]

Rochester, N.Y.
The Kodak City.



LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END

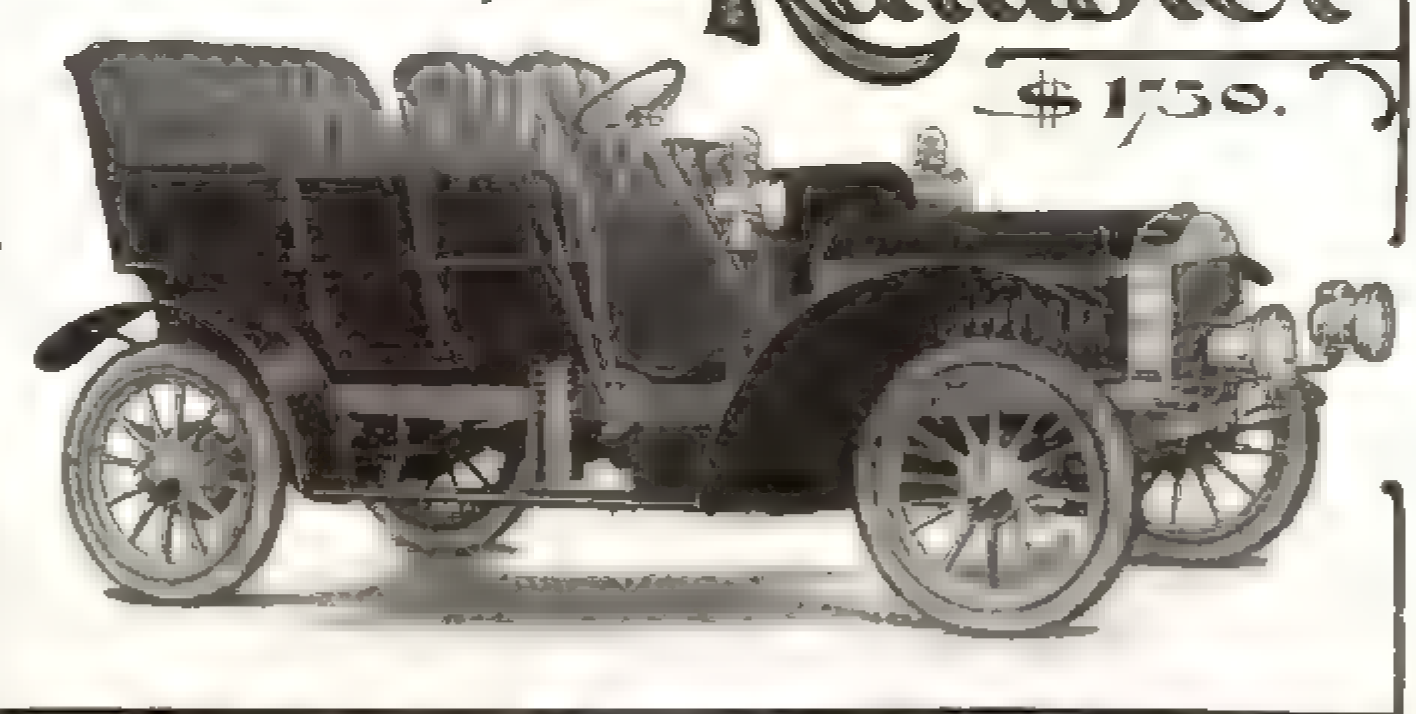
Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go. We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.

[illegible]

A. L. IDE & SONS, 444 Lincoln Ave.
Springfield, Illinois

Model 14 Rambler $1750.



The Faultless Car.

THERE is a system of careful and consistent development, followed by rigid tests under most severe conditions, that is peculiar to the Rambler factory. The result is that nothing is presented to the public in an untried or experimental state.

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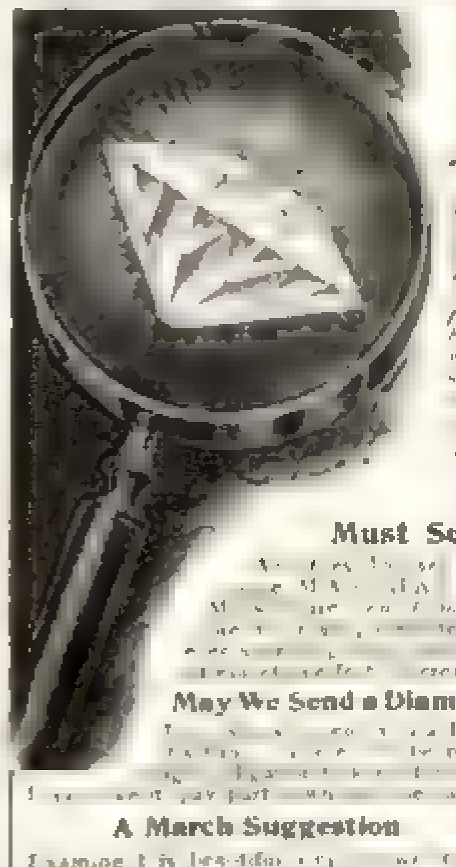
Branches:
Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco
New York Agency, 134 West 38th St. Representatives in all leading cities.
Thos. B. Jeffery & Company



Marshall's Diamonds
Pay Dividends

[illegible]

Marshall's Diamonds
Must Sell Themselves

[illegible]

May We Send a Diamond on Approval

[illegible]

A March Suggestion

[illegible]

$75 [illegible]

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc.
101 State Street, Chicago, Ill

[illegible]

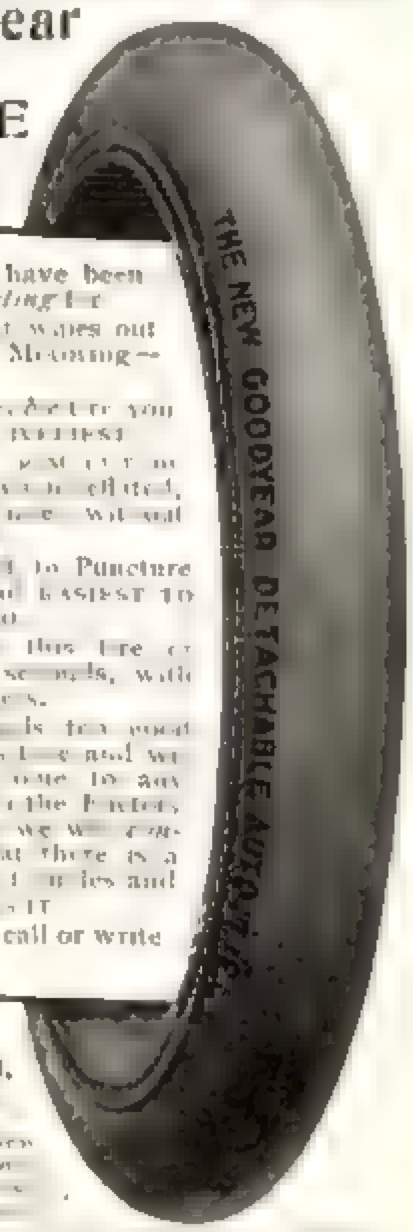
4% Interest

By our method of receiving deposits by mail [illegible] with one of the oldest and largest savings banks in the country.

[illegible]

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
Assets Over Forty-Two Million Dollars

The Goodyear
Detachable
AUTO TIRE
on
Universal Rims


THE NEW GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE

Is the Tire you have been *longing* for and *waiting* for.

It is the Tire that wipes out that [illegible] of Motoring—TIRE TROUBLES.

It is the most *durable* tire you ever rode [illegible]

[illegible]

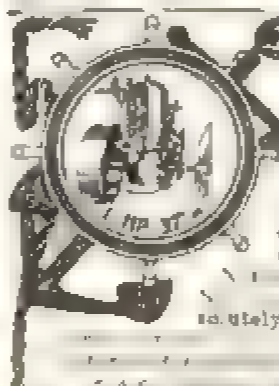
It's a tire difficult to Puncture in the first place and EASIEST TO REPAIR in the second.

You can remove this tire or put it back in 30 seconds, with no tools but the fingers.

[illegible] call or write TODAY.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Seneca St., Akron, Ohio

[illegible]



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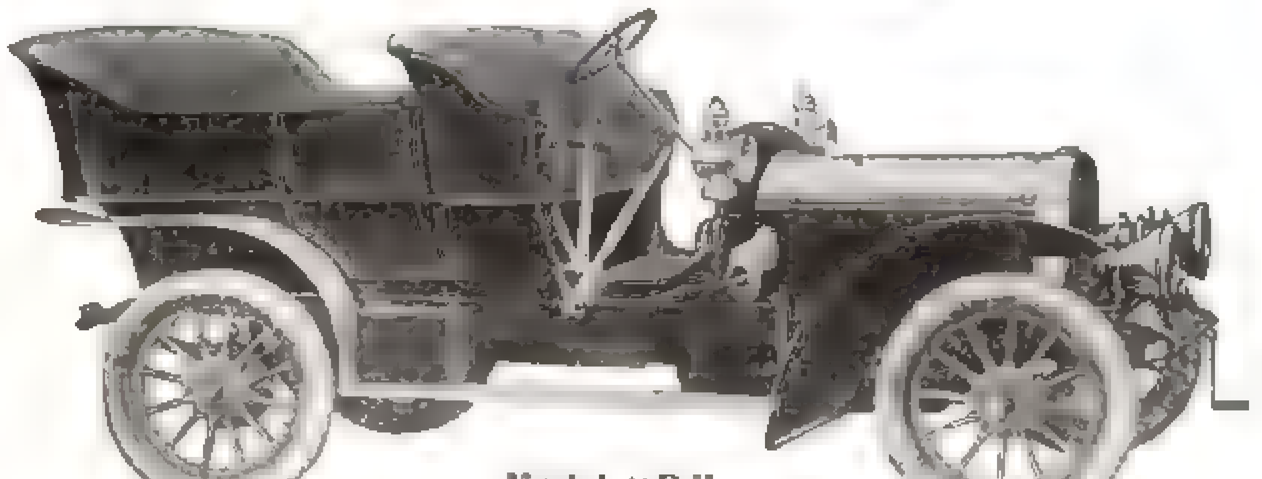
HAYNES



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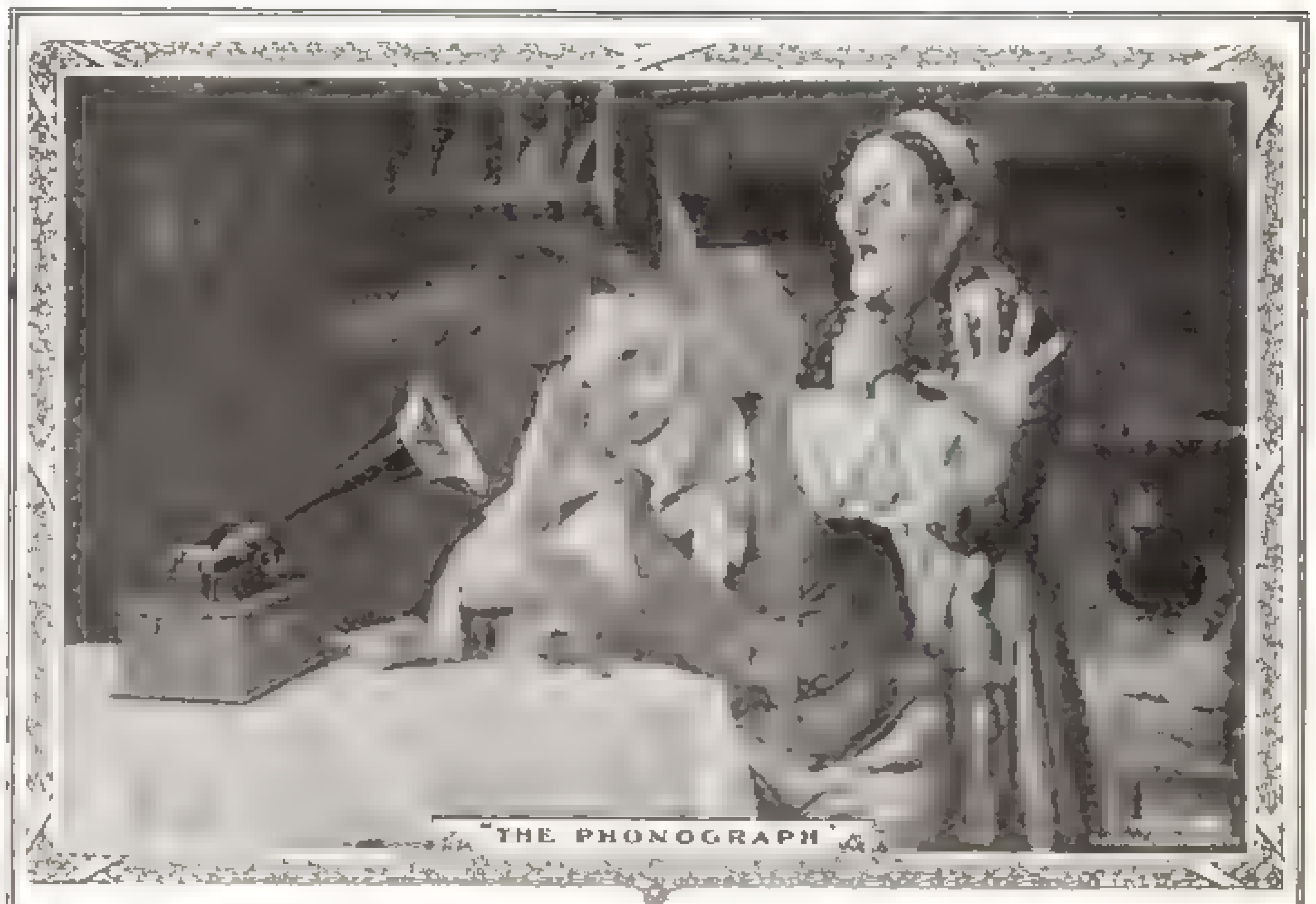

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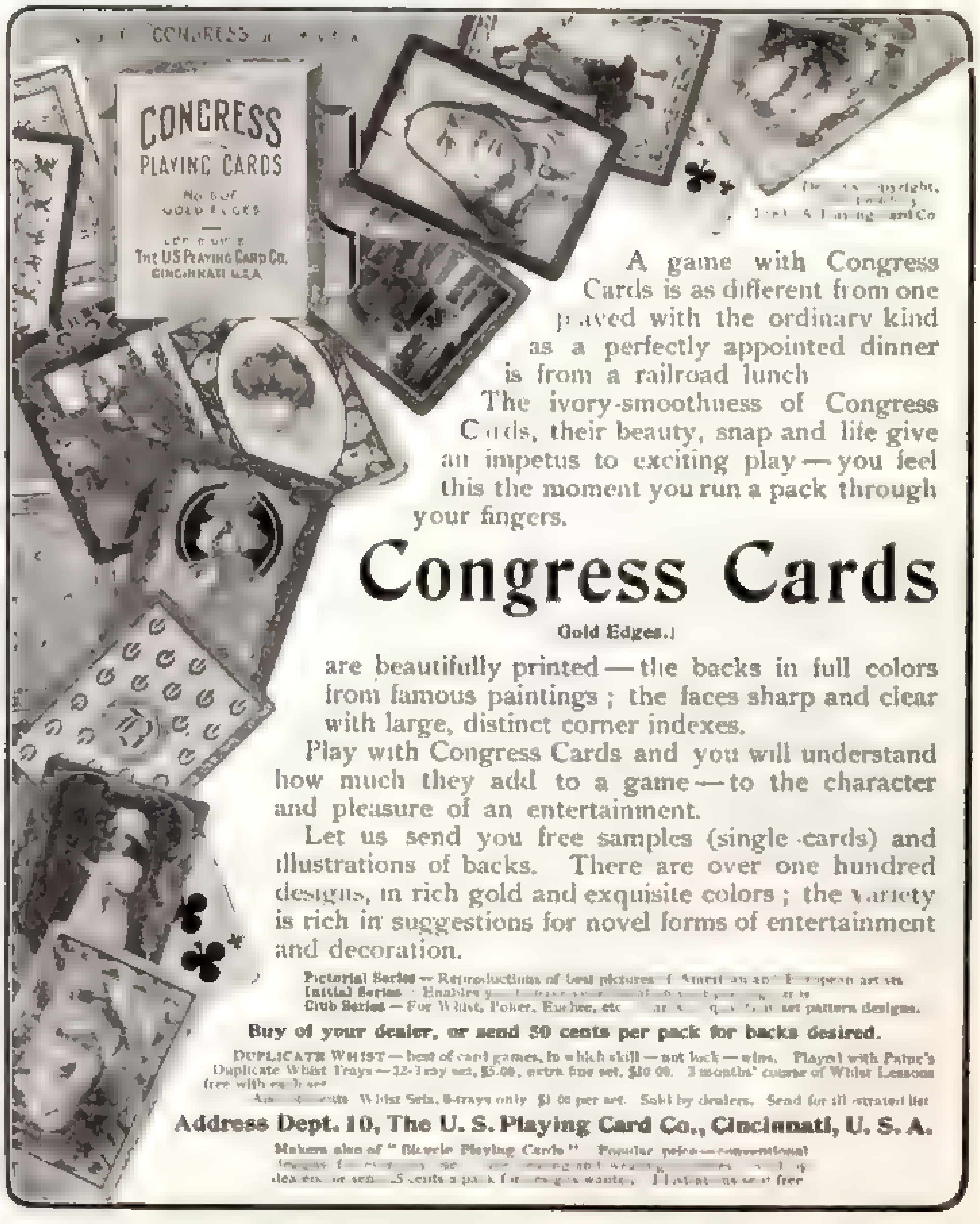
Frank A. Munsey



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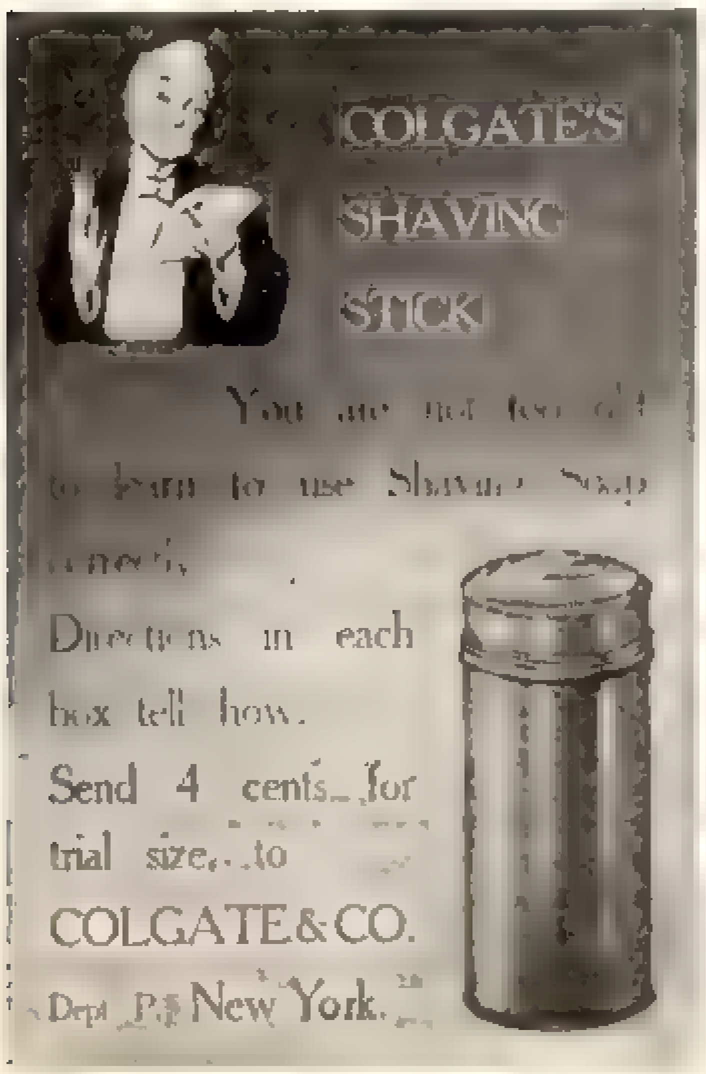

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Religion in the Days of Our Fathers

(Concluded from Page 6)

of the fiend even at the cost of his life. There was a fearful storm: the captain, knowing that his hour had come, forced the crew to tie him to the mainmast. There he howled out defiance to God until a red tongue of flame left his mouth and vanished. The storm was instantly still, the sun shone, the captain's head dropped on his breast: he smiled, and died.

Through the first fifty years of the Republic there were many hysteric women in the squatters' cabins who said they were possessed by some of the old prophets, or by the devil. Men made long pilgrimages to see them. In my youth these things still existed, but were denounced as superstitious. But, even in that saner day, religion was more of a terror than a comfort. All pleasures of life—gayety, pretty clothes or furniture, dancing and the theatre—were denounced as temptations of Satan. By several sects, art, music, poetry and fiction were banned as carnal lusts: indeed, some of these denominations, that now boast of the superiority of their colleges and schools, then held any education to be detrimental to a preacher of the Gospel, as "carnal learning barred the passage of the Holy Ghost into the soul." Shakespeare was banished from many bookshelves as "the devil's prayer-book," and pious folk would turn their eyes from a copy of the Sistine Madonna on the wall as "a heathenish idol."

In the Narrow Way

It is a fact, however, that the domestic life which grew out of this faith was singularly pure. Our stern old grandfather was as merciless to his own sins as to those of his neighbor. He never had heard of graft. He wronged no man of a penny. He might berate his old wife, but he was true to her. You heard of no divorces then. His life was narrow and hard, perhaps, but it was clean and true. He had an intense, jealous love for his own kin—that was a trait of his race—but I confess he had not much for outsiders. None of his hard-earned money went to the help of unknown strangers. When, once a year, a collection was taken up in meeting for the conversion of the heathen, and he dropped his dollar into the black velvet bag thrust into his pew by the deacon, he felt he had paid his debt to the unseen nations of the earth.

Although merciless logic made him calmly assent to the damnation of all the heathen and the so-called Christians who did not agree with him in certain doctrines, he strove with God without ceasing all of his life for the salvation of his own family. It was a common custom for these old fathers and mothers to rise long before the day to wrestle alone in prayer for their boys and girls. Yet often, with the purest and highest motives, they made home so bare of comfort or pleasure that their sons were driven outside to find it.

There were other dramatic phases of life in that period in which the humanizing influence of Christ's teaching struggled with the iron wills of our old grandfathers. I may tell you of them at some other time.

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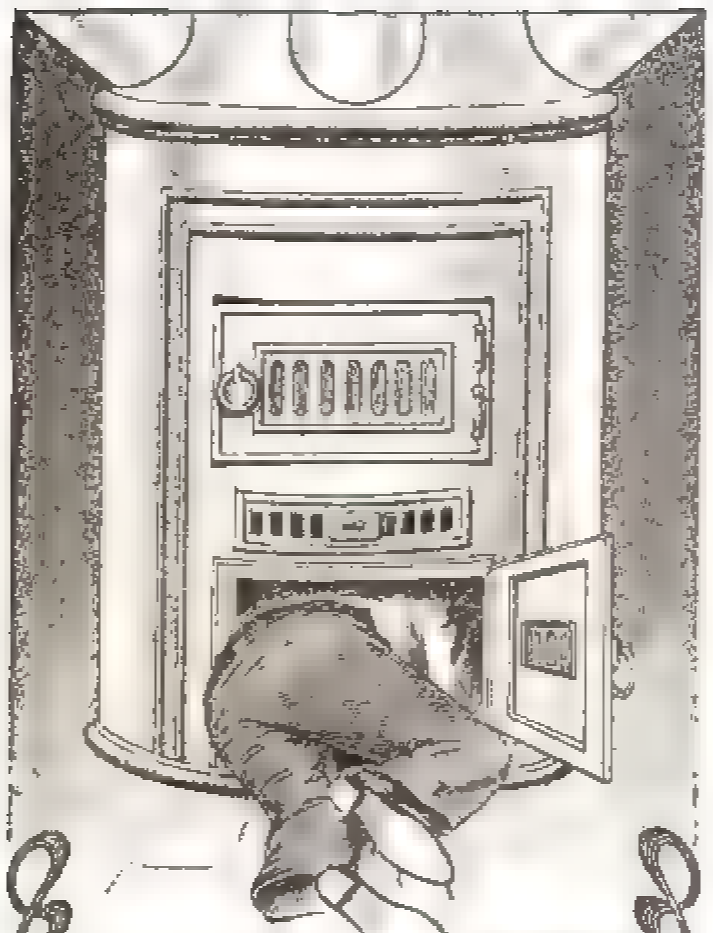

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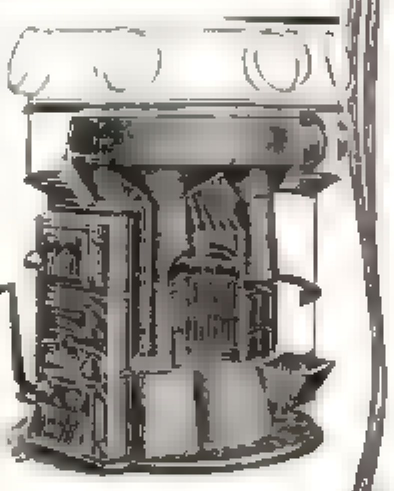

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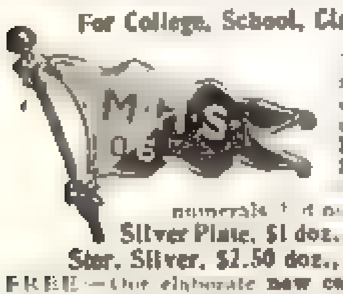

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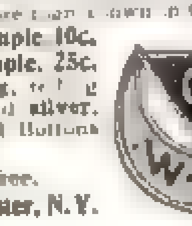

The Stubborn Member

(Continued from Page 7)

IV

IT WAS a show day at the Capitol. The depressing effigies in Statuary Hall looked down, in putty-solemnity, upon a steady flow of people toward the House wing. The doorkeepers were busy preventing a jam before the main entrance to the floor. The one elevator in which unofficial persons might ride was loaded at every trip up to the galleries, and hundreds climbed the stairs. The public galleries had been full for half an hour. Patient citizens, white and colored, stood in line, hoping somebody would come out and give them a chance at the spectacle. Even the doors to which admission was had by a member's card were closed, and affable guards turned away indignant applicants with the statement that every seat was taken. In the members' family galleries men were sitting on the steps.

The big clock over the Speaker's chair pointed to five minutes of twelve. Already many members were on the floor, and others were continually entering. A large group of smartly-dressed women and well-tailored men came into the diplomatic gallery—making a note of distinction in the long, packed quadrangle; and when another bevy fluttered into the Executive gallery everybody felt that the scene was duly set. Below, on the floor of the House, nearly every member was in his place—except the cautious brigade that always took the chaplain's opening prayer by absent treatment in the cloakrooms and entered when it was over. The Speaker came in briskly, ascended to his place and lifted the gavel. The clock showed noon. The gavel fell. The galleries hushed and craned forward. The fight on the ship subsidy bill was about to begin.

Varney was one of those who came in after the prayer. He gave a swift upward look to the family gallery and saw Anne in the front row looking down. He thought their eyes met, but was not sure, and hurried to his seat. The quick look had also discovered Senator Merchant's private secretary standing in the back of the gallery.

The rule that was brought in with the bill allowed one hour for debate, divided equally between friends and foes, in five-minute speeches. Varney was too insignificant and too clumsy with his tongue to be allotted one of the precious five minutes. He did not wish to speak. Privately he characterized the useless oratory as "bunc." He paid little attention to what the other men said, but looked about him with level eyes. Nearly four hundred men were on the floor with him, overlooked by the grizzled Speaker high on his throne under the emblem of the nation. This was the House of Representatives that ought to be the greatest instrument of Government. A clear majority of the House was opposed to the bill. How many would give up their convictions under pressure by the Administration?

Dickson, Republican floor-leader, closed the debate, almost perfunctorily, and moved the previous question. The ayes and noes were called for. The clerk stood up, the roll of the House before him, and began singing out the names of members. He came to Mr. Applegate. An "aye" answered. "Paying for his big chairmanship," Varney commented. Mr. Broxton responded with "aye." Mr. Drexel, of Nebraska—again "aye." Erickson voted "aye."

Varney had sat with these men in caucus; had heard them denounce the bill. Some of them had exhorted him, as a new, untried member, to stand firm for his belief. He knew that every one of them had pledged himself to oppose the measure to the end. He could check off the motives of most of them. This one had sold out for a petty bit of patronage from the White House—a mere second-rate consulship. Another had yielded to save the little local bill that his town was interested in. Erickson was ambitious and feared that if he stood against the Administration his chances of preferment would be wrecked. Fulkerson, who was just gasping "aye," simply lacked the courage to stand up before President and Speaker.

While the clerk was still among the P's, the press gallery began to smile and there was a little patter of applause. It was

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evident that the bill would pass. A moment later the whole floor was laughing. One of the noisiest of the insurgents had shouted "aye" before the clerk could even call his name. The clerk grinned and the Speaker himself chuckled as he rapped for order. The laugh, however, destroyed the last vestige of gravity; turned the "insurrection" into a mere farce.

"Mr. Varney," sang the clerk. "No," he answered, loud, and was aware that many turned to look at him in mild surprise. Then his heart ached. "I've done for the poor old Major now," he thought, "and for her."

The vote was 194 ayes and 166 noes. Only 24 Republicans had voted against it out of 68 who had pledged themselves to fight it to the last ditch.

It was very pleasant outside on the big sunny plaza of the east front. From that view the great Capitol looked everlasting. The Stars and Stripes streaming over the Senate and House wings had a mighty meaning, more significant and penetrating than any flags elsewhere. The warm spring air said "Peace"—and something else.

He heard his name spoken low, and turned in a kind of trance. She was beside him.

"I couldn't help it, Anne," he said simply and as though they had been arguing a long while. "I know I'm a hurtful fool and you can never forgive me. But I just had to do it."

"Yes, you had to," she still spoke low and rapidly. "You had to. We Burtons are soldiers from the Revolution down, and I know——" Her voice faltered. He saw that her eyes were shining, her lips slightly apart. She drew breath to continue: "I know when a man stands to be shot for his convictions." She gave him a swift backward glance as she said: "Come to see me," and sped away.

Varney came to about a minute later and hurried forward; but her car had started. He sat on the curb to wait for the next one.

When he broke into the anteroom of the Commissioner of Stamps he scarcely looked at Sam, but bolted to the inner office.

"Major, I've voted against the bill and corked you," he said breathlessly. "I had to do it. Now, see here, Major, I'm a fool at politics. I know that. But there are other things I can do, and have done. I've got some money and I know how to hustle for business all right, and—well, I've seen Anne." He stooped forward and laid a muscular hand on the commissioner's arm, looking eagerly into the aged face. "Major, it's your turn to knock off now, and let me turn the grindstone. I can do it all right. Anne knows it."

The Major looked at him a moment, feeling his young, abounding energy. "I'm rather—getting on in years, Tom," he said with a gentle sigh, as one relaxing to rest.

The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 13)

"You think I ought to have a chaperon," said Betty bravely, "but chaperons aren't needed in this quarter."

"I wish I were your brother," said Temple.

"I'm so glad you're not," said Betty. She wanted no chaperonage, even fraternal. But the words made him shrink, and then sent a soft warmth through him. On the whole he was not sorry that he was not her brother.

At parting Vernon, at the foot of the staircase, said:

"And when may I see you again?"

"Oh, whenever you like," Betty answered gayly; "whenever Lady St. Craye can spare you."

He let her say it.

XVI—"LOVE AND TUPPER"

"WHENEVER Vernon liked" proved to be the very next day. He was waiting outside the door of the atelier when Betty, in charcoal-smeared pinafore, left the afternoon class.

"Won't you dine with me somewhere to-night?" said he.

"I am going to Garnier's," she said. Not even for him, friend of hers and affianced of another as he might be, would she yet break the rule of a life Paula had instituted.

"Fallen as I am," he answered gayly, "I am not yet so low as to be incapable of dining at Garnier's."

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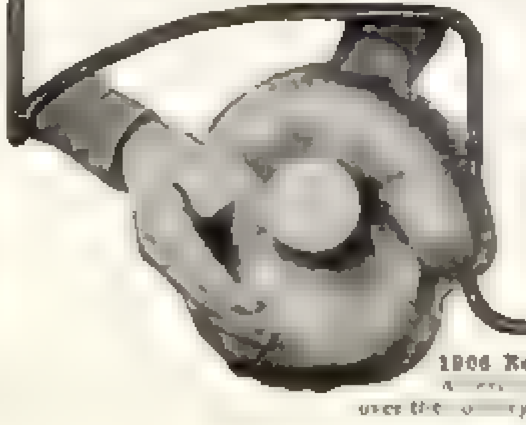

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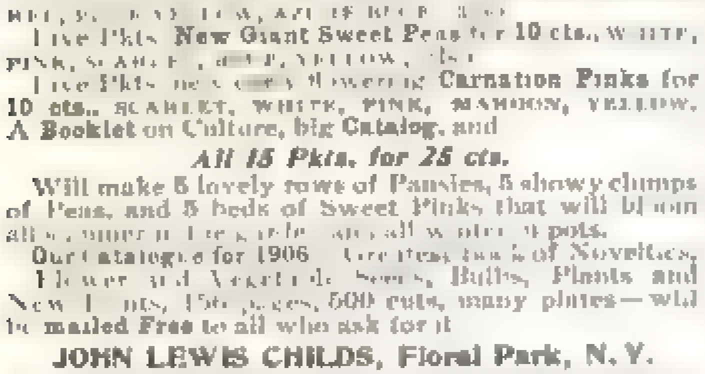

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So when Betty passed through the outer room of the restaurant and along the narrow little passage where eyes and nose attest strongly the neighborhood of the kitchen, she was attended by a figure that aroused the spontaneous envy of all her acquaintances. In the inner room where they dined it was remarked that such a figure would be more at home at Durand's or the Café de Paris than at Garnier's. That night the first breath of criticism assailed Betty. To *afficher* one's self with a fellow-student—a "type," Polish or otherwise—that was all very well, but with an obvious Boulevardier, a creature from the other side, this dashed itself against the conventions of the Artistic Quartier. And conventions—even of such quarters—are iron-strong.

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Miss Voscoe to her companion's shocked comments; "they were raised in the same village, or something. He used to give her peanuts when he was in short jackets, and she used to halve her candies with him. Friend of childhood's hour, that's all. And besides, he's one of the presidents of our sketch club."

But all Garnier's marked that, whereas the habitués contented themselves with an omelette *aux champignons*, sauté potatoes and a Petit Suisse, or the like modest menu, Betty's new friend ordered for himself, and for her, "a real, regular dinner," beginning with *hors-d'œuvré* and ending with "*mendiants.*" "Mendiants" are raisins and nuts, the nearest to dessert that at this season you could get at Garnier's. Also he passed over with smiling disrelish the little *carafons* of weak wine for which one pays five sous if the wine be red, and six if it be white. He went out and interviewed Madame at her little desk among the flowers and nuts and special sweet dishes, and it was a bottle of real wine with a real cork to be drawn that adorned the table between him and Betty.

To her the whole thing was of the nature of a festival. She enjoyed the little sensation created by her companion; and the knowledge which she thought she had of his relations to Lady St. Crave absolved her from any fear that in dining with him tête-à-tête she was doing anything "not quite nice." To her the thought of his engagement was as good, or as bad, as a chaperon. For Betty's innocence was deeply laid, and had survived the shock of all the waves that had beaten against it since her coming to Paris. It was more than innocence; it was a very honest, straightforward, childish naïveté.

"It's almost the same as if he was married," she said: "there can't be any harm in having dinner with a man who's married or almost married."

So she enjoyed herself. Vernon exerted himself to amuse her. But he was surprised to find that he was not as happy as he had expected to be. It was good that Betty had permitted him to dine with her alone, but it was flat. After dinner he took her to the Odéon, and she said good-night to him with a lighter heart than she had known since Paula left her.

It was lonely in these rooms now, and sometimes it was hard to keep one's eyes shut. And to keep her eyes shut was now Betty's aim in life, even more than the art for which she pretended to herself that she lived.

She was now one of a circle of English, American and German students. The sketch club had brought her eight new friends, and they went about in parties by twos and threes, or even sevens and eights; and Betty went with them, enjoying the fun of it all, which she liked, and missing all that she would not have liked if she had seen it. But Vernon was the only man with whom she dined tête-à-tête or went to the theatre alone.

To him the winter passed in a maze of doubt and self-contempt. He could not take what the gods held out: could not draw from his constant companionship of Betty the pleasure which his artistic principles, his trained instincts taught him to expect. He had now all the tête-à-têtes he cared to ask for, and he hated that it should be so. He almost wanted her to be in a position where such things should be impossible to her. He wanted her to be guarded, watched, sheltered.

"I shall be wishing her in a convent next," he said, "with high walls with spikes on the top. Then I should walk round and round the outside of the walls and wish her out. But I should not be able to get at her. And nothing else would either."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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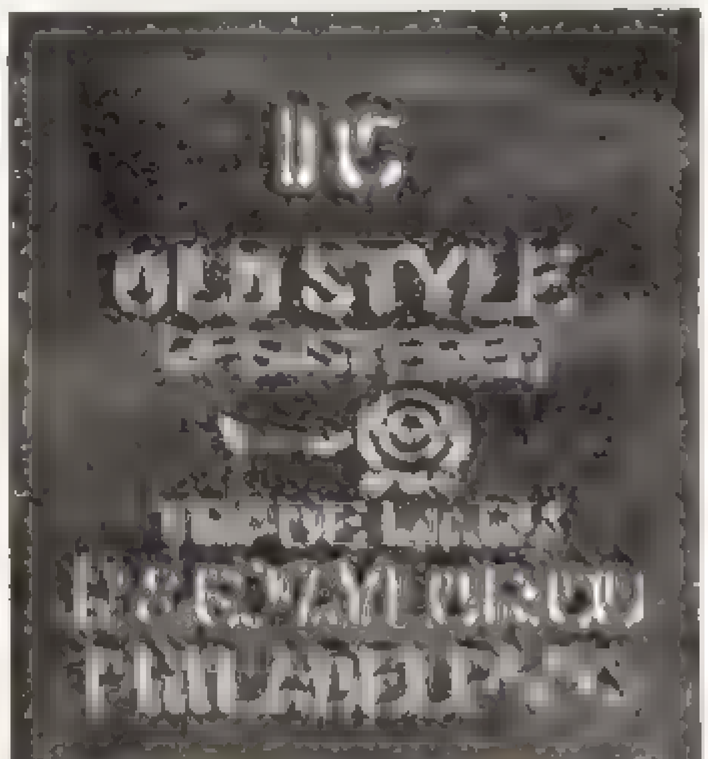

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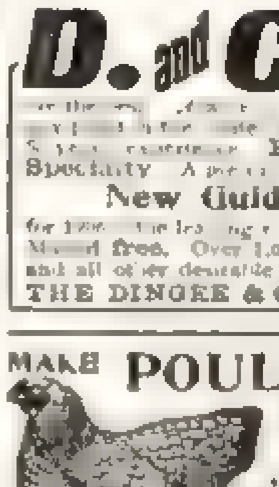

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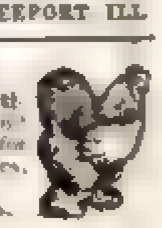

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THE BAKED APPLE ALIBI

(Continued from Page 9)

even if in telling his story he does fly in opposition to the inclination of my learned and inopportune friend."

The Court coughed behind a pudgy hand and frowned judicially for a few seconds, and then compromised by commanding. "Proceed."

"What happened at the fair?" resumed counsel.

"Why, when I steps in, kind of soft-like, an' sees me clothes don't match up wid de rest of de guys' fixin's, I picks up a baked apple an' skidoos."

"So," cried the District Attorney triumphantly, "you do admit, sir, that at least you are guilty of petit larceny?"

"That's what he has sworn to," declared the judge loudly.

"Wid all recommendations fer de mercy of de Court, I's done nut'tin' of de kind," croaked Mr. Bilks in hoarse anger. "Why, fer de love of —— Say, Bo, is dey goin' ter spike me good name like dat ——"

"There, there!" soothed Mr. Butterworth. "That will do, sir." Then to the judge he added: "I know this Court is so big, so magnanimous, that it will not heed the strivings of an untutored soul, eager only to assert its innocence."

"Dat would certainly sound punk from any gent but youse," observed Mr. Bilks doubtfully. "But wot I was goin' ter say was dat over de apples was a sign, writ large, dat read: 'Take a Chance.' Dat was me ter de finish."

"Your Honor," bubbled Juror Number Six eagerly, forgetting his recent rebuff and now leaning far out over the rail, "I was there, and some unknown, roughly-dressed man did snatch an apple from the guessing booth, which bore the placard he speaks of. And in one of the apples was a gold ring and the chances were ten cents each, although not so stated on the placard." Then he added sorrowfully: "The ring was never found in any of the apples sold and was probably contained in the one snatched by the stranger."

"I demand the privilege of asking the juror if this is the ring taken from the fair and contained in the apple," said Mr. Butterworth gravely.

The juror, who now considered himself greater than the Court, broke silence by crying: "If it has a narrow, oval band with the initials 'L. A. F.' for 'Ladies' Auxiliary Fair,' engraved inside, it is our ring!"

"It has such an inscription, and I offer it in evidence," said Mr. Butterworth. "I contend the defendant entered the church vestry on the night he is represented as being busy in blowing the lumber company's safe. Being hungry and seeing the sign, 'Take a Chance,' over the luscious pile of baked apples, he obeyed the dictates of his stomach, reassured by the generous wording of the placard, and seized an apple and retreated. That he did not know of the presence of the ring is self-evident, as we must assume the guessing contest was to be a fair one. That he did not sell the ring is evidence of his honesty."

"The contest was certainly fair and square. I'm a deacon in that ——" began Juror Number Six complacently.

But he was cut off by the Court's irascible voice crying:

"Will you refrain from taking over all responsibility in this trial, sir?"

"And, your Honor," cried the District Attorney, now awake to the fact that he had been silent overlong, "I want to interpose an objection!"

"You object to what?" asked the old lawyer pleasantly.

The District Attorney rumpled his hair and glared wildly at his rival for a few seconds, and then lamely qualified: "To everything about this ring."

"The ring will be returned to the Ladies' Auxiliary Society," said Mr. Butterworth sternly, "whether you object or not."

Juror Number Six smiled openly at this announcement.

"I will now ask the witness if he ever plays cards," said Mr. Butterworth.

"When I's a kid I's a wise guy wid any kind of a pasteboard game," was the rumbling reply.

"So that you know one card from another?"

"Oh, your Honor, I must protest!" cried the District Attorney; then sarcastically:

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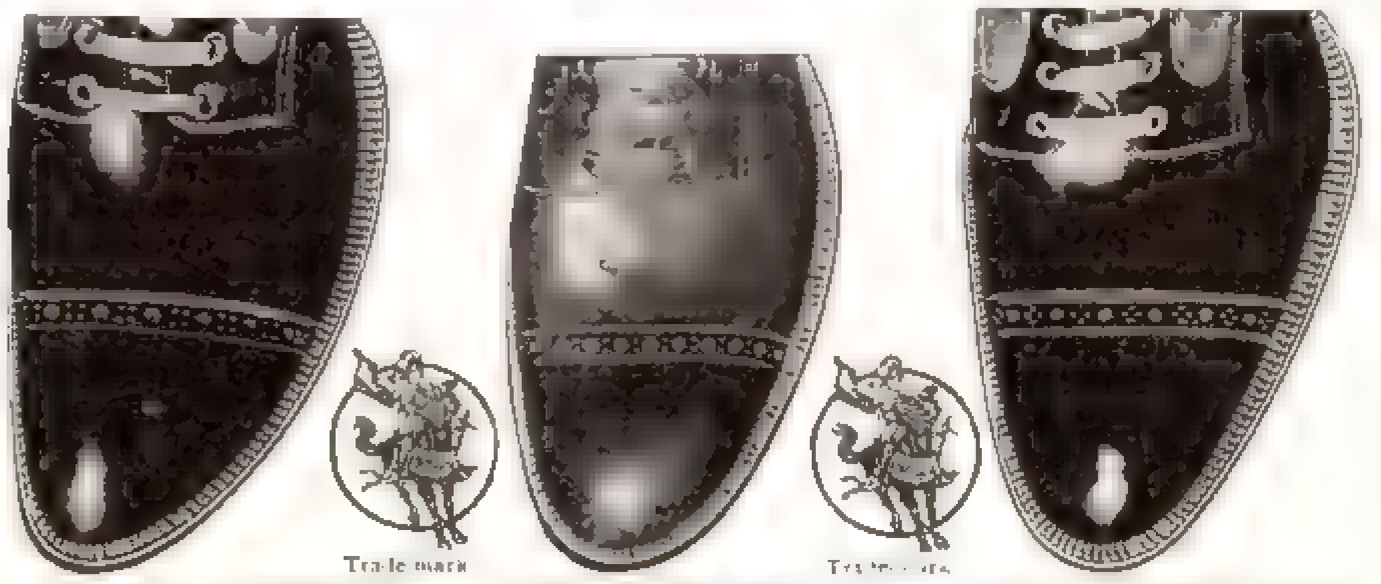

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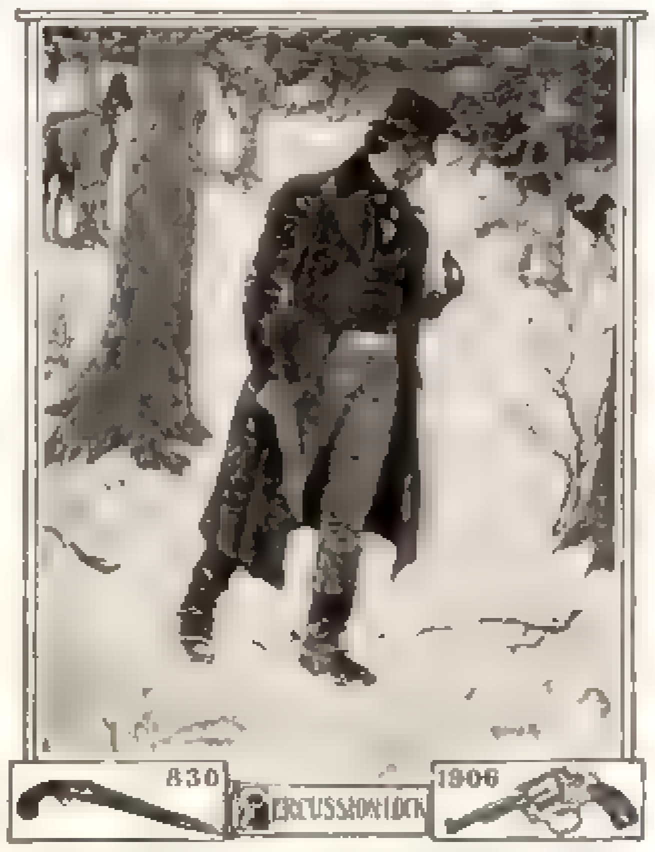

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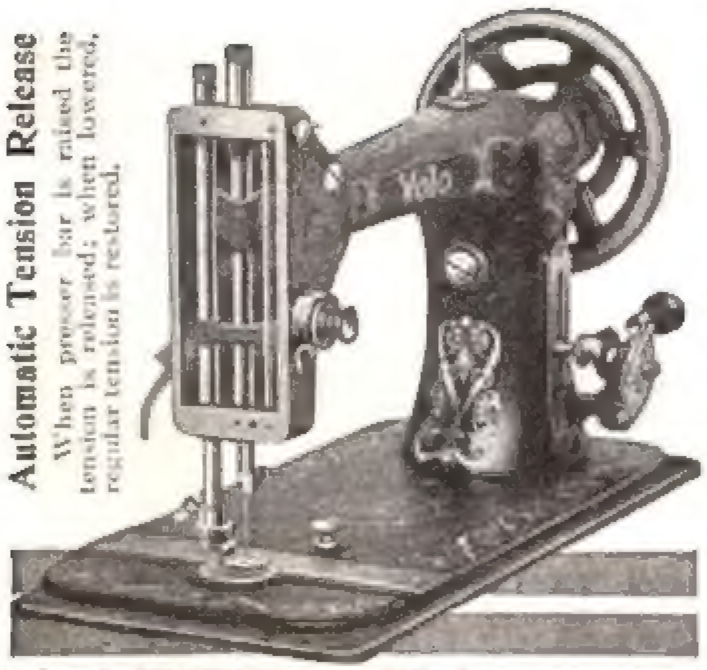

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"Fer de love of ——" ejaculated the indignant witness, when his attorney stilled him and explained to the Court: "It is merely intended to pave the way for perfecting our alibi."

"Then we must receive it," moaned the Court, now openly evidencing his perturbation. "But—er—kindly keep as close to the bounds of normality as possible, Counsel."

Mr. Butterworth promptly took an exception to the last remark and then allowed the defendant to state that he did know every card in the pack and knew them intimately.

"Did you meet a playing card that night, after leaving the church fair?"

At this question Juror Number Three displayed symptoms of hysteria and caused the Court to demand: "What are you laughing at, sir?"

Number Three denied the imputation and insisted that his bulging eyes and red face were purely the results of a coughing spell. "I felt as if I was going to have a fit," he added humbly.

"How dare you have fits in my courtroom? Did you ever have a fit?" pursued the Court hotly.

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know it felt like one? A man who has fits is disqualified for jury duty," stormed the Court. "Huh! Repeat the question, stenographer."

The query was put anew, and Mr. Bilks, who had been winking reassuringly at nervous Number Three, gave attention and replied: "I certainly did. He was walking near de edge of de town."

"Card was walking," murmured the Court, speaking wholly to himself and in a trancelike tone.

"Dat's wot. Dat is, he was in a guy's hatband dat was walkin'," modified the witness.

"What card was it?" inquired Mr. Butterworth gently.

"De Jack of Spades."

"What was the man doing, in whose hat you saw this card?"

"Not much of nut'tin'," deprecated the witness sorrowfully. "Only now an' den he'd light a match an' look inter a big milk-can ter see de time o' day."

"Witness," cried the astounded Court, while the District Attorney held his aching head unsteadily, "do you mean to tell this Court a man looks into milk-cans to ascertain the hour?"

"Say, Bo, dat sifts in slow," remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly; "but I reckons I's on an' twigs de drift. An' I do mean it. De guy was potted ——"

"I believe he intends to say the man was intoxicated," explained Mr. Butterworth softly.

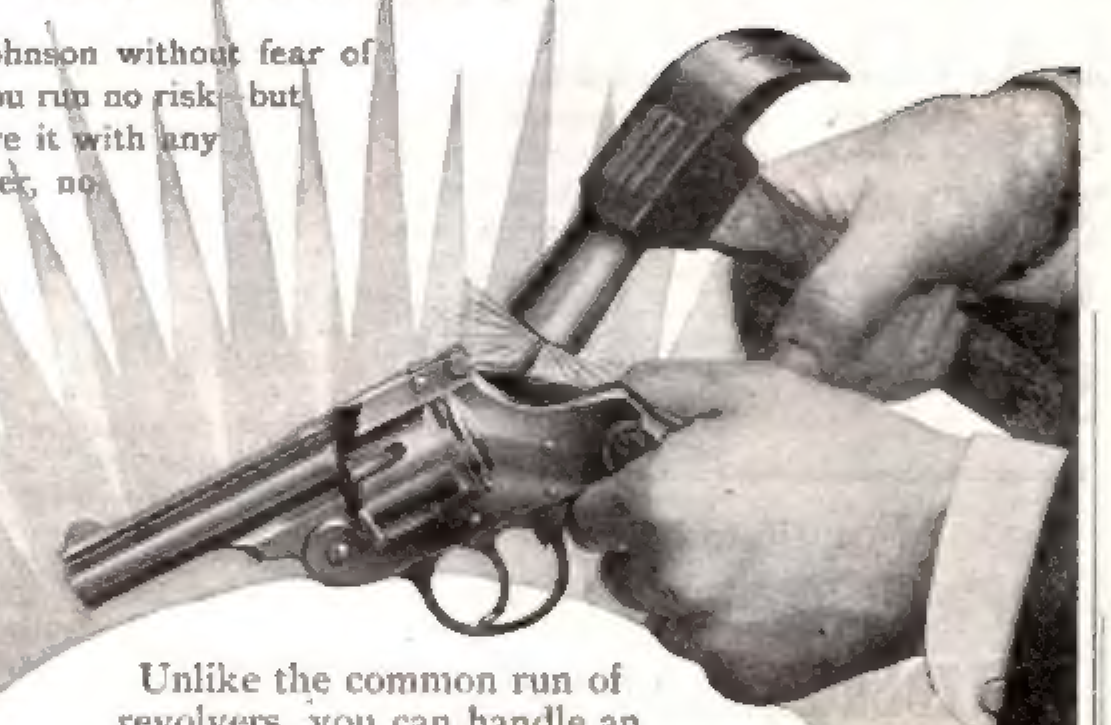
"Well, he had it proper, anyway. An' he was a milkman. An' he'd strike a flicker an' take a squint inter de can an' den call de hour. Dat's all," insisted Mr. Bilks, now looking very solemn.

"We have the milkman in court," assured Mr. Butterworth, "and although reluctant to appear and confess his weakness, yet to save an innocent man he is here, ready to admit his inebriated condition on this night in question; and also to relate how he wore home in his hatband from a neighborhood card-party the Jack of Spades. He left the party at eleven o'clock, thus proving conclusively the defendant met him and observed his actions at an hour when the prosecution alleges he was ten miles to the east, busy robbing a safe."

This completed the direct examination of Mr. Bilks, and, cross-question as he would, the District Attorney could gain no advantage. He dared not ridicule the stone dog and baked apple and the lone playing-card too strongly, as Juror Number Six had vouched for the first two, and doubtless there were several witnesses ready to establish the last.

The milkman was called next. He testified in detail, in so far as he could remember, what Mr. Butterworth had promised to obtain from him. Then followed several of his neighbors, who grinned broadly in describing his actions when wearing the court card in his hat.

That closed the evidence, although the District Attorney recalled the company's manager and the man who swore to seeing the defendant fleeing from the scene of the robbery. The two attorneys were brief in their summaries; the Court was sleepy



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and rambling in his charge, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

While Mr. Bilks was busy returning the felicitations of "Butch" McCarty and other friends, the old lawyer gathered up his papers and quietly made for his office. He had done his duty and acquitted an innocent criminal, and now he wished to see him and his class no more.

But if he thought to escape thus easily he erred, as an hour after he had reached his desk the door opened softly—nay, almost slyly—and Mr. Bilks stepped gently in.

"Jest dropped round ter say t'anks," he explained gruffly and almost sheepishly, as he exhaled a heavy cloud of smoke from a big pipe.

"Not necessary, Mr. Bilks. I have been paid in full and it's all right. By the way, I never smoke a pipe, you know. Sometimes I think the smoke chokes me up," said Mr. Butterworth stiffly.

"Say," declared Mr. Bilks impressively, removing his pipe, "I ain't so low down but wot I can take a hint when it's kicked inter me. But how a new pipe, sweet as Heaven, can stuff a guy up gits yers truly. Look at it," and he held it from him in pride. "I's bettin' dat joy producer cost ten plunks."

Mr. Butterworth pricked up his ears a bit and carelessly said: "Fully as much as that. You gave——"

"Jest t'ree hundred cowpons fer it."

"What!" cried Counsel. "Coupons! And then you did get them, after all?"

"Why, yes, Bo," grinned Mr. Bilks; "I's put me hoof in it, I reckon. But wot's de odds? I's acquitted. An' I's did git de cowpons."

"And the money?" gasped the old lawyer.

"Never had a smell at it," mourned Mr. Bilks sadly. "Say, dat manager is a smooth 'un! He smooched de wad, after temptin' me ter do de job. De loot was ter be in a fat wallet an' we was ter go cahoots. See? An' den I wakes up an' finds me prize is only a mess of cowpons. Course, if I blowed de gaff no one would believe me, an' he was wise enough ter know I'd say nitto. See?"

"But how could this man of business meet and know you and put himself in your power by making any such a deal?" demanded Mr. Butterworth icily, his eyes seeking the telephone.

"Why," explained Mr. Bilks easily, "his porter use ter be a ol' pal of mine. He reformed an' got work wid dis guy's company, an' dey got thick at last, an' when de manager decided he'd frame up a clean-up he reached me t'ro de porter. I was ter pinch de stuff an' divvy. See? An' I gits a new pipe out of it. See?"

"But the alibi!" expostulated Mr. Butterworth. "The juror substantiated that. Wasn't any of it real?"

"De t'ings was all hunkey; real scenery, youse know. De apple an' de dawg an' de Jack was all on deck, but it wasn't me dat was in Eply ter twig 'em. Butch is de only harp in de city dat can handle a tough ward. Say, he's slick! One of de boys put up a ring fer drinks in his dry house, an' when he was busy gunnin' 'round ter dig up a aliby fer yers truly he remembered it an' framed up a few more t'ings dat was bein' pulled off in Eply on dat night. An', when I could show down dat I was de guy wot see 'em, de gitaway was easy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Butterworth sadly. "And here is the retainer I received from your cultured friend, Mr. McCarty. Give it back to him. It is tainted. The door is right behind you. Good-day."

"Why, Bo, I certainly wants youse ter keep dis reward of merit fer holdin' out a helpin' hand ter me——" remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly, but he was cut short with another curt "Good-day."

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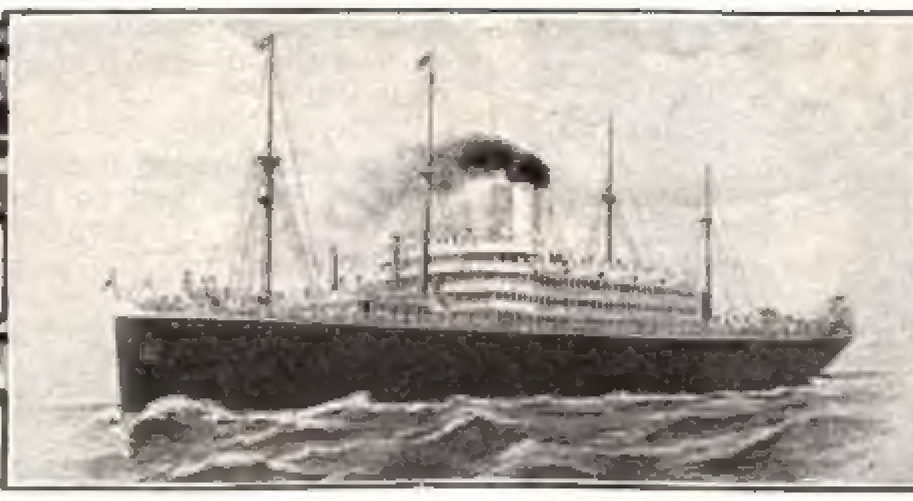

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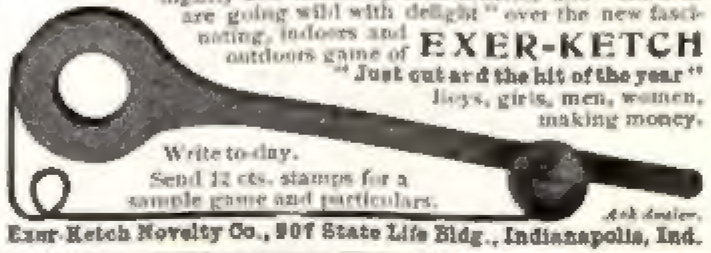

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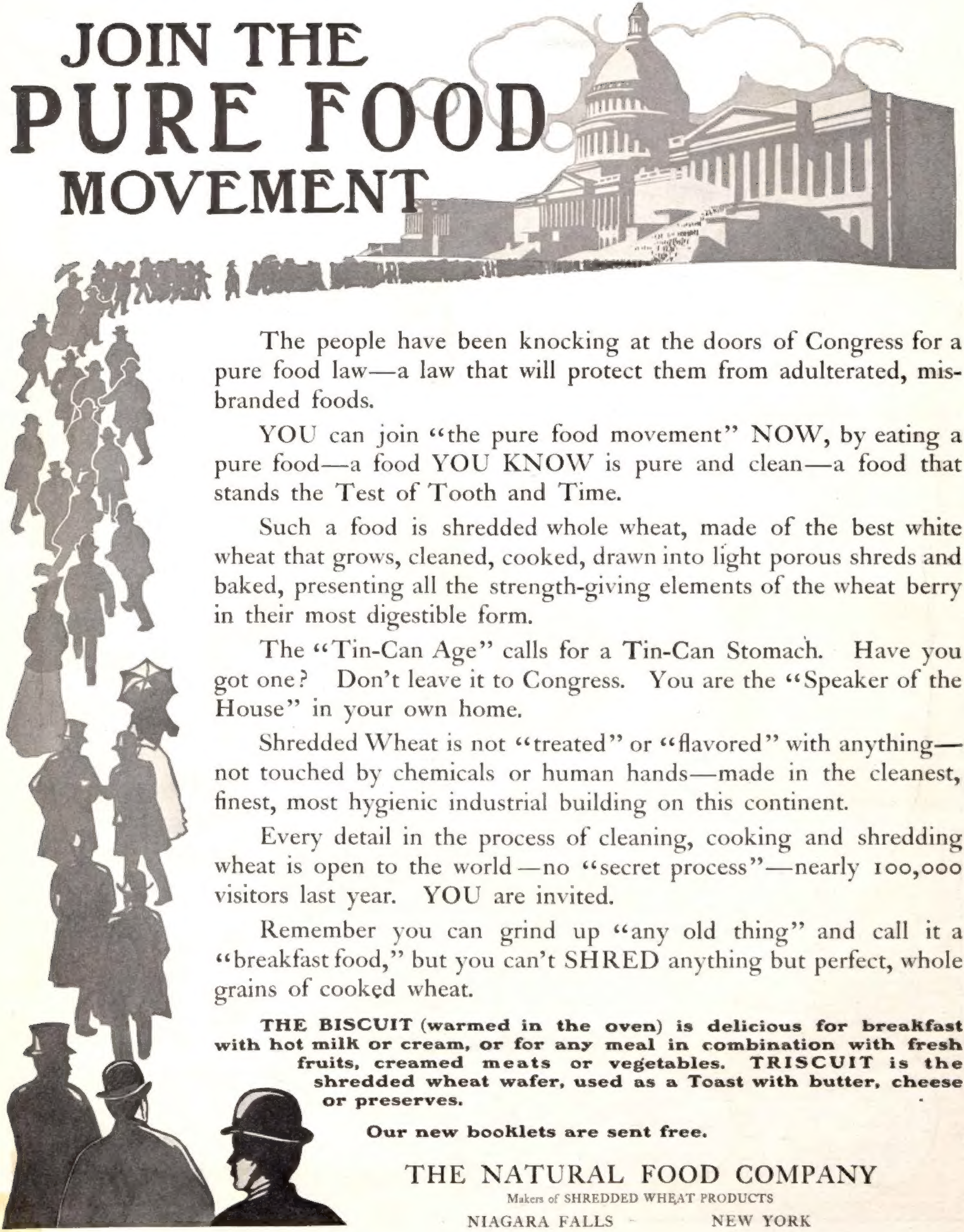

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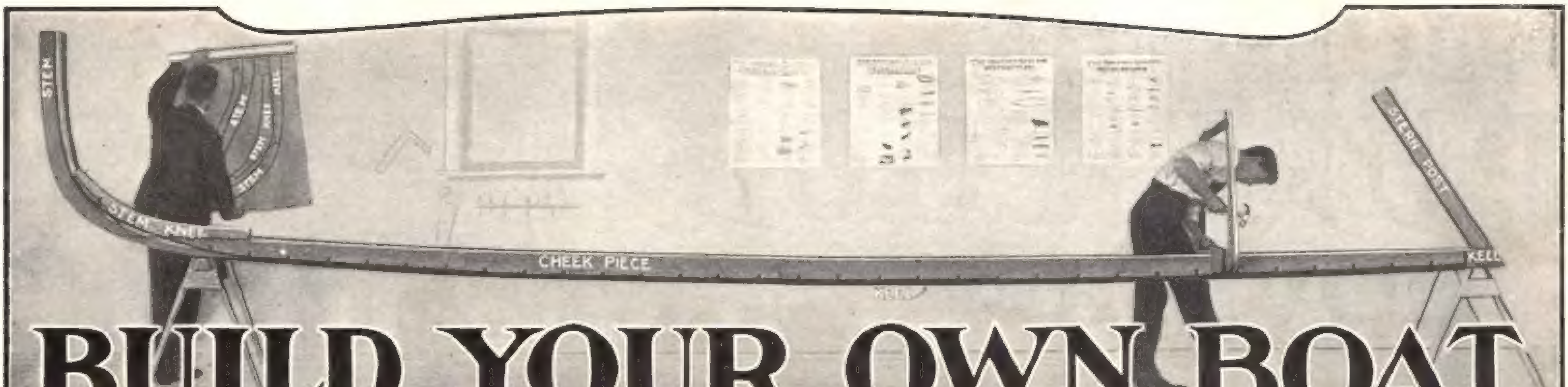

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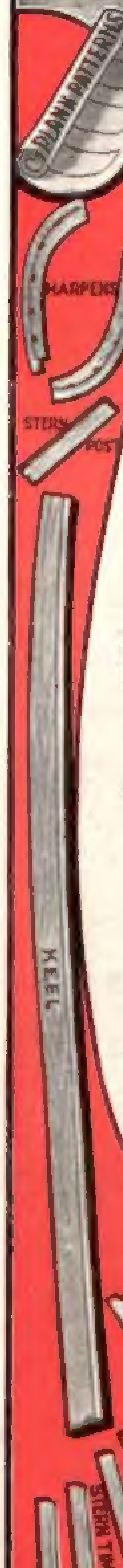

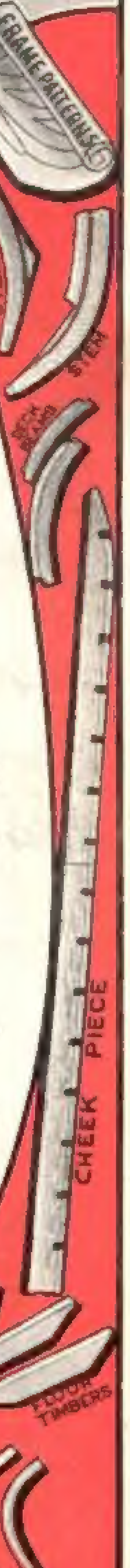

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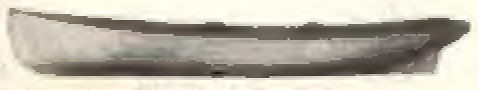

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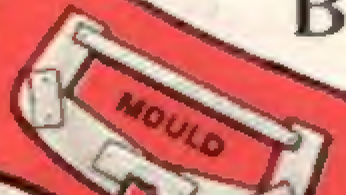

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